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THE DEATH OF ABEL.

IN

FIVE BOOKS.

ATTEMPTED FROM THE

GERMAN of Mr. GESSNER.

LONDON,

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall; D. WILSON, at Plato's Head; T. DURHAM, at the Golden Ball in the Strand, and M. COLLYER, in Plough-Court, Fetter-Lane. MDCCLXI.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to lay at the foot of Your Throne this volume which is an attempt to tranſlate from Your Native Language a work deſervedly admired. I am ſenſible it is but a faint repreſentation of the glowing beauties of the excellent original: yet I flatter myſelf, I have, in ſome meaſure, preſerved

the ideas, eſpecially thoſe which fill and warm the heart with the love of Virtue. On this account, and on this only, I preſume to hope for Your Majeſty's favourable acceptance of the work.

Placed by the hand of Providence at an humble diſtance from the Great, my cares and pleaſures are concentred within the narrow limits of my little family, and it is in order to contribute to the ſupport and education of my children, I have taken up the pen. Your Majeſty's Patronage will, undoubtedly inſure my ſucceſs: but I am far from hoping that You, Madam, will give Your Royal Sanction to a performance that has no other merit to plead than

the ill-judg'd, tho' affectionate induſtry of a fond mother. If I have attempted a taſk for which Nature never deſigned me, it is juſt that diſappointment ſhould teach me humility and wiſdom, and I bow without repining to the ſtroke.

Confined as my ſituation is, I ſhared in the univerſal joy viſible on every countenance on Your Majeſty's ſafe arrival. This general ſatisfaction was a moſt auſpicious omen in the beginning of Your happy Reign. May You, Madam, ever feel the delight of giving joy to a brave and loyal people. May Your exemplary virtues, united with thoſe of our beloved Sovereign, put wickedneſs to ſhame, and force vice to hide its head. May

all ranks, influenced by Royal Precedent, and the manners of Your Court, grow aſhamed of licentiouſneſs, inhumanity, profaneneſs, and diſſipation. May the ſincere gratitude and love of a reformed, united and happy people render valuable the ſplendor of Your public Station; while domeſtic peace, conjugal felicity, and maternal love, fill with tranquil delight Your more retired hours. May You ſee with tranſport the riſing virtues of a numerous Progeny. May You, Madam, to uſe the patriarchal language of my author ——May You, full of days and glory, after having beheld Your Children's Children flouriſh round You, late, very late reſign an earthly crown, to receive an everlaſting diadem in the

realms of bliſs and immortality. Theſe are the ardent wiſhes of

MADAM,

Your's and His MAJESTY's

moſt dutiful,

moſt devoted,

and moſt obedient

ſubject and ſervant,

Mary Collyer.

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I Now venture on a more ſublime ſubject than has hitherto employed my pen, from a deſire of knowing whether my abilities will bear a farther trial. This is a curioſity which ought to influence every man. The public are too apt to diſcourage a young poet who has ſucceeded in one branch of poetry, and are for confining him to

that only in which he has been once ſucceſsful as his *ne plus ultra*; as if that alone was the very thing in which he could ſhow the whole ſtrength of his genius, when, perhaps, ſome external circumſtance, or a mere accident, rather than any particular impulſe determined his choice.

Though a poet who attempts the ſublimer parts of poetry were not entitled to regard from the public, he would find himſelf amply rewarded in the happy execution of his voluntary taſk. To revolve a vaſt variety of things, to trace the motives of actions to their original ſource, to draw characters, and through intricate occurrences gradually to open intereſting events,

is attended with a thouſand pleaſures. Nature is to him an inexhauſtible magazine, whence true genius collects every material that can ornament or embelliſh his favorite object: then is the whole mind in action, and talents are awakened which would very probably have otherwiſe lain dormant and unknown.

But it will be ſaid, At this rate, we ſhall have nothing to read but epic poems and tragedies. They who are apprehenſive of ſuch a misfortune ſhould know, that when I ſay ſuch compoſitions will give greater and more various pleaſures than little pieces to the poet, I mean, it will alſo be the ſame with the reader. However, few have leiſure or in-

clination for large performances: moſt men are taken up with occupations of a different nature: many will chuſe to pay their addreſſes to a leſs coy miſtreſs than the epic muſe, and I dare prophecy, we ſhall never be without maſter-pieces in every branch of poetry. Far be it from me to depreciate the light and ſportive works of fancy: for though I wiſh for more HOMERS, I yet think ÆSOP and ANACREON cannot be too much admired.

Some will be aſtoniſhed, and others offended, that I have taken for my ſubject a Scripture hiſtory. The latter, I will ſuppoſe, are ſomewhat advanced in years, and have, by being immerſed in buſi-

neſs, and the arduous taſk of growing rich, been prevented from looking into new books: theſe have a zeal for the honour of their religion, and retain all the prejudices they imbibed in their youth againſt poetry, having drawn their knowledge of that divine art from ſpecimens, which, a very few excepted, were neither worthy to be known or valued. A poet, in the times of their youth, was eſteemed, even by ſenſible Germans, only as a droll fellow, a kind of buffoon. But to thoſe who have peruſed the Bible with ſo little ſenſe of its beauties, as to make a ſin of this undertaking, I have nothing to ſay, they muſt be void of taſte, and to reaſon with them would be as ridiculous as to carry a lantern be-

fore the blind. It is to thoſe who are capable of reflection, I would now addreſs myſelf. I would wiſh theſe to obſerve, that the works which made poets be conſidered in a contemptible light were wrote in an age when poetry was in its wretched declenſion, and far from its original and genuine dignity. It has always been in the retinue of religion, and is of no ſmall ſervice to it, being the moſt energic method of conveying ſentiments of virtue and devotion. It affords a noble delight to the underſtanding, it improves the heart, and excites to whatever is becoming and praiſe-worthy. But to anſwer theſe ſalutary purpoſes, even when it relaxes and ſports, its wit muſt be decent and pure;

and have a tendency to create a contempt for ribaldry and profaneneſs. Poetry of the looſe kind I deſpiſe and deteſt from my very ſoul.

Under the conduct of prudence, virtue and good manners, poetry may be allowed to take its ſubject from the great truths of our holy religion. What can be more proper for the exerciſe of genius than the ſacred hiſtory? As Chriſtians, we aſſent to its truth; as Chriſtians we are all equally concerned in its important events. The poet, if he has the happy art of illuſtrating the characters he draws from divine hiſtory, with what is probable and pleaſing, and placing them in an inſtructive view, will have an op-

portunity of conveying in the cleareſt, and moſt ſtriking manner, the ſalutary influences of religion and piety into the hearts of all claſſes of men, and will be read with pleaſure by people in every ſituation. If this be attempted by a head unequal to the taſk, ſuch compoſitions, I allow, may do more harm than good: but is not this equally the caſe, with all injudicious expoſitions?

This liberty with the ſacred hiſtory has been uſed in all nations, and among us, even at the time of the reformation, none took umbrage at the dramatic pieces taken from the Scriptures: theſe were publicly allowed, though their principal merit was the good intention

of their authors, the poetry being far from elegant.

But a new objector ſtarts up, and cries, At this rate the Bible will become a mere fable. I would aſk him, if this has been the fate of profane hiſtory? HOMER and VIRGIL took the ſubject of their poems from ancient hiſtory; but whoever thought of adjuſting thoſe hiſtories by their poems? or whoever in reading their works, imagined them to be hiſtorians, or conſidered them in any other light than as poets?

There is yet another numerous claſs of people to whom I muſt pay my court: theſe are they who are too exceſſively polite to reliſh heroes who have a ſenſe of piety; who

talk of religion, who are ſerious, and affect neither raillery nor wit. Characters drawn from thoſe exhibited in the days of thinking, muſt make a ſtrange appearance to theſe ſons of faſhion. Such manners! ſuch converſation! to them my heroes will appear as odd creatures as thoſe of HOMER did to the French, who were offended that they were not Frenchmen. To theſe ſlaves of mode I would whiſper it as a ſecret, that being myſelf young, and, like them, fond of applauſe, I will in order to obtain their ſuffrages, which are of mighty importance to my happineſs, give this ſubject a new dreſs. I will introduce an amorous intrigue, for what is an epic poem without a love adventure? ABEL ſhall be a lan-

guiſhing petit maitre; CAIN, a rough captain of the Coſſacks, and nothing ſhall come from the lips of ADAM, that is not in character from an hoary Frenchman, hackney'd in the ways of the world.

PREFACE.

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE work from which this is attempted is wrote by Mr. GESSNER, of Zurich in Swifferland. The rapidity of the ſale does honour to the taſte of the Swiſs and the Germans, it having paſſed through three editions in one year.

The ſubject is the death of ABEL, which is the moſt remarkable event recorded in the ſacred hiſtory,

from the fall to the deluge. The poet has had the art to augment our intereſt in the diſtreſſes of our primeval parents, and their immediate diſcendants by the lively and affecting manner in which he he manages the paſſions, and by the graces and truth he throws into his paintings, while he deſcribes the ſimple manners of the firſt inhabitants of the earth.

All our author's works, of which this is the firſt that has been tranſlated into Engliſh, are wrote in a kind of looſe poetry, unſhackled by the tagging of rhimes, or counting of ſyllables. This method of writing ſeems perfectly ſuited to the German language, and is of a middle ſpecies between verſe and

proſe: it has the beauties of the firſt, with the eaſe of the laſt. It is not however peculiar to Mr. GESSNER; for in this manner the great FENELON wrote his TELEMACHUS, of which the public will ſoon be favoured with an elegant tranſlation by the able hand of Dr. HAWKESWORTH.

Of this attempt I am not qualified to ſpeak, were I to decry it, I ſhould be deemed guilty of affectation; if ſincere, I ſhould be certainly arrogant and rude in offering it to the public, and to praiſe it would be preſumption. But I will venture to ſay, that I flatter myſelf my picture has eſcaped any glaring deformity, though it may want many of the almoſt inimitable

graces of the charming original. That painter must be indeed a dauber who could make a disagreeable picture, while he attempted to copy a RAPHAEL or a TITIAN. Such as it is I leave it to the candor of the reader, believing, that notwithstanding the loud cry of universal depravity, no one will, without just cause, and in mere wantonness of cruelty, condemn the assiduous efforts of a female pen.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK I.

HEnceforth repoſe in ſilence, thou ſoft pipe, no more I render thee vocal, no more I chant the ſimple manners of the ruſtic ſwain. I would raiſe my voice to bolder ſtrains, and in harmonious lays rehearſe the adventures of our primeval parents after their dreadful fall, I would celebrate him who, ſacrific'd by a brother's fury, his duſt firſt mingled with the earth. Come

thou noble Enthuſiaſm that warm'ſt and filleſt the mind of the wrapt poet, who during the ſilent hours of night contemplates in the thick grove, or at the ſide of a clear ſtream, enlighten'd by the moon's pale lamp: ſeiz'd by a Divine tranſport, Imagination takes her flight, and with bold wing traverſing the regions of created ſubſtances, penetrates into the diſtant empire of Poſſibilities, diſcovering with clear view the marvelous that captivates, and the beautiful that inchants. Loaded with treaſure, ſhe returns to arrange and conſtruct her various materials. Taught by reaſon to chuſe and reject, ſhe, with a wiſe œconomy, admits only what forms harmonious relations. Delightful employment! Laudable conſtancy! I honour the bard, who, to excite ſentiments of virtue in the yielding heart, watches the nocturnal ſong of the graſhopper, till the riſing of the morning ſtar. Poſterity will crown the urn

of a poet who conſecrates his talents to virtue and to innocence: his name ſhall not be forgot: his reputation ſhall bloom with unfading verdure, while the trophies of the proud conqueror ſhall moulder in the duſt, and the ſuperb mauſoleum of the tyrant ſhall ſtand unknown in the midſt of a deſart, where human feet have made no path. Few, 'tis true, who have ventur'd on theſe noble ſubjects have receiv'd from nature the gift of ſinging well; but the attempt is laudable: to it I conſecrate my moments of leiſure, and all my ſolitary walks.

The tranquil hours had juſt given to Aurora the tint of the roſe, and diſpell'd the vapours of night that had hover'd over the ſhadowy earth, while the ſun beginning to dart his firſt rays behind the black cedars of the mountain, ting'd with radiant purple the half enlighten'd clouds; when ABEL

and his beloved THIRZA left their leafy couch, and repair'd to a neighbouring bower compoſed of interwoven jeſſamine and roſes. The tendereſt love and the pureſt virtue ſhone with mildeſt beams in the fine blue eyes of THIRZA, and gave attractive graces to the carnation of her cheeks: while her fair locks waving in ringlets on her ſnowy neck, and hanging with a becoming negligence down her back, added to the beauty of her fine and delicate form. Thus ſhe walk'd by the ſide of ABEL, whoſe high forehead was ſhaded with ringlets of the paleſt brown reaching no lower than his ſhoulders. An air of thought and reflection was agreeably mix'd with the ſweet ſerenity of his looks, and he mov'd with the eaſy grace of an angel, who charg'd with the gracious beheſts of the MOST HIGH, becomes viſible to the raptur'd ſaint in an human form; but the veil he aſſumes is of ſuch raviſhing

beauty, that through it ſhines the angel. THIRZA, with a look of affection, and a tender ſmile, cry'd, O my love, now the birds awake, and begin to chant their morning ſong, let me hear the hymn thou yeſterday ſung in theſe ſmiling paſtures, and let me join alſo in the rapturous employment of praiſing the LORD. The melody of thy lips inſpires my heart with an holy tranſport, and nothing can charm me more than to hear thee utter in proper terms the ſenſations I feel, but am unable to expreſs. ABEL tenderly embracing her, reply'd, My lovely THIRZA, thy requeſt ſhall be immediately granted. I no ſooner read thy wiſhes in thine eyes, than with a lover's haſte, I ſtrive to fullfil them. They then ſeated themſelves in the fragrant bower, whoſe entrance was gilded by the morning ſun, and ABEL thus began:

Retire, O ſleep, from every eye. Fly ye hovering dreams; reaſon again reſumes her throne; again ſhe illumines the mind, as the morning ſun enlightens the fertile earth. We hail thee, reſplendant ſun, who darteſt thy beams from behind the cedars; thy friendly rays give light and colour to re-animated nature, and every beauty ſmiles with new-born graces.

Retire, O ſleep, from every eye. Fly ye hovering dreams to the ſhades of night. Where are now the ſhades of night? They have fled to the caves of the rocks; they wait us in the thick grove; we ſhall find them there, and be refreſh'd by their coolneſs during the ſultry heat of noon. See where the new-born day firſt wakes the eagle; where on the glittering ſummits of the rocks, and the ſhining ſides of the mountains, the exhalations aſcend and mix with the pure air of the morning, as

the ſmoke of burnt-offerings ariſe from the altar. Thus nature celebrates the returning light, and pays to nature's GOD the ſacrifice of grateful praiſe. Praiſe him all things that exiſt; praiſe him whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs produc'd and preſerves all. Ye ſpringing flowers exhale the ſweets he gave you in his praiſe. Ye wing'd inhabitants of the grove, pour forth the melody of your little throats to his praiſe, who gave you voice and melody; while the majeſtic lion pays him honour with the terrors of his mouth, and makes the caverns of the rocks re-echo his praiſe. Praiſe GOD, O my ſoul! praiſe GOD the Creator and Preſerver. Let the voice of man reach Thy throne, O LORD, before that of thy other creatures: in the grey twilight, at the dawn of the morning, while the birds and beaſts yet ſleep, may my ſolitary ſong find acceptance, and invite the reviving creation to praiſe Thee, the Creator and

Preſerver. How magnificent are thy works, O GOD, wiſdom and goodneſs are ſtamp'd on all. Wherever I turn my eyes, I perceive the traces of Thy bounty; each ſenſe is tranſported, and conveys their infinite beauties to my raviſh'd mind. O GOD! weak and frail as I am, fain would I attempt thy praiſe. What induc'd Thee, MAKER OMNIPOTENT! for ever happy in Thyſelf, to call from nothing this gay creation? What induc'd Thee, Thou Self-exiſtent, to form man out of the duſt, and to give him the breath of life? It was Thine infinite goodneſs. Thou gaveſt him being that Thou mighteſt confer on him happineſs. O ſmiling Morn! in thee I ſee a lively image of the work of the great CREATOR, when the ſun diſperſes the vapours of the horizon, and drives Night before his ſteps, all nature revives with renewed luſtre. The ALMIGHTY ſpoke; Silence and Night heard his

voice: he commanded, and miriads of living creatures emerg'd from the teeming earth, flutter'd in the air with variegated plumage, and render'd the aſtoniſh'd woods vocal with the praiſes of the beneficent CREATOR. Earth again hears the voice of her Almighty MAKER: the heaving clods riſe in innumerable ſhapes, and burſt into life and motion. The new-form'd horſe bounds o'er the verdant turf, and neighing ſhakes his mane; while the ſtrong lion, impatient to free himſelf from the cumbrous earth, attemps his firſt roaring. A hill teeming with life, appears in motion; it burſts, it ſinks, and from it ſtalks the huge unwieldy elephant. Theſe are thy works, O Thou OMNIPOTENT! Each morn thou call'ſt thy creatures from ſleep, the image of nonexiſtence; they awake ſurrounded by thy bounties, and join unanimous to chant thy praiſe. The time will come, when thy praiſe ſhall

reſound from every corner of the peopled earth; when thine altars ſhall blaze on every hill, and man ſhall celebrate thy wonderous works from the riſing to the ſetting day.

Thus ſang ABEL, ſeated by his beloved THIRZA. He ceas'd; yet ſhe, fill'd with a divine tranſport, ſeem'd ſtill to hear. At length encircling him in her ſnowy arms, while her eyes beam'd tenderneſs, ſhe cried, O my love! the muſic of thy lips raiſes my mind to GOD. Thy endearing care not only protects my feebler body; but under thy direction my ſoul itſelf takes her flight: thou art her guide amidſt the obſcurity of doubt and darkneſs: thy wiſdom diſſipates the clouds, and turns her aſtoniſhment into devout extaſy. How often have I, inſpir'd by gratitude, render'd thanks to GOD Moſt High for having created me for thee, and thee for me. O my love! unanimous in

every wiſh, we were form'd to bleſs each other.

While ſhe ſpoke, conjugal tenderneſs defus'd inexpreſſible graces on every word and every geſture. ABEL remain'd ſilent; but his ſoften'd look while he ſnatch'd her to his boſom, and the tear juſt ſtarting from his gliſtening eye, ſpoke unutterable love. Thus happy was man, thus pure his delights. The fruitful earth refreſh'd and fitted him for action by her bounties. Contented with neceſſaries, he aſks of Heaven only Virtue and Health. Luxury and Diſcontent had not yet fill'd him with inſatiable deſires, which, inventive of numberleſs wants, bury happineſs under a load of ſplendid miſeries. An union of heart then form'd the nuptial tye. No fear of waſting penury, or the frown of a tyrannic parent; no low ambition, no want of lands or gold, then kept the ſoft maid

from the fond boſom of the youth ſhe lov'd. Theſe cares are thy gifts, O Luxury!

ABEL and THIRZA were ſtill ſeated, when ADAM and EVE enter'd the bower. They had liſten'd with delight to the ſong of ABEL, and had heard THIRZA vent the effuſions of her fondneſs. They now tenderly embrac'd their children, while their hearts expanded with parental affection, and a lively joy glow'd on their cheeks.

MAHALA, CAIN's ſpouſe, had followed the footſteps of her mother, and had been witneſs to the happineſs of her brother and ſiſter. Her pure mind was free from envy, baleful paſſion! Yet dejection ſat on her countenance, a mild languor appear'd in her eyes, ſorrow had faded the bloom once ſeen on her now palid cheek. She had heard THIRZA expreſs her gratitude to Heaven,

for having been created for ABEL, and he for her. Their mutual tenderneſs forc'd tears from her eyes, and ſighs from her pain'd boſom, while ſad remembrance drew the compariſon between the two huſbands. But ſoon ſhe wip'd away the pearly drops, and with a graceful ſmile enter'd the bower, where with cordial affection ſhe ſaluted her brother and ſiſter.

At the ſame time CAIN paſſing by the fragrant ſhade, had heard ABEL's melodious voice, and had beheld his delighted father tenderly embrace him. At this ſight Envy fix'd her envenom'd ſting in his heart, and he giving a furious look at the bower, cry'd, What ſigns of joy are here! What fond careſſes! I might ſing too were my days, like his, ſpent in idly reclining in the ſhade, while the flocks were ſporting, or cropping the green herbage: but I am not made for ſinging. Rugged

labour is my inheritance: tho' I turn the glebe; tho' I break the ſtubborn earth, curſt for my father's ſin with barrenneſs, yet my fatigues meet no ſuch fond rewards: did my ſoft brother but toil, like me, one day beneath the ſcorching ſun, 'twould ſpoil his muſic; he'd trill no ſongs.---What, more embraces! how I hate this effeminate dalliance; but if that fair youth be pleas'd, no matter what I hate.

CAIN then with haſty ſtep walk'd on. He had been overheard, and his diſcontent had fill'd the happy family in the bower with deep concern. MAHALA became ſtill more pale, and diſſolving in tears ſunk down by the ſide of THIRZA, while EVE reclining on her huſband, lamented the obduracy of her firſt-born. O my much lov'd parents, cried ABEL, I will follow my unhappy brother. I will embrace him, and ſay whatever fraternal love can dictate, to

engage his affection. I'll try every art of perſuaſion to make him forget his anger. I will not leave him till he promiſes to love me. I have ſearch'd into the very bottom of my ſoul, to know by what means I may regain him, and find a way to his heart. Sometimes I have rekindled his extinguiſh'd love; but alas! too ſoon the gloom returns, and ſullen ſadneſs damps the ſacred flame.

With troubl'd look ADAM anſwer'd, I myſelf, my beloved ABEL, will go to your brother. Reaſon and paternal love ſhall unite their force to combat his obduracy: he will not ſurely, reſiſt the authority and tenderneſs of an afflicted father. O CAIN, CAIN, with what torturing cares doſt thou fill my heart! The tumult of tyrannic paſſions has chas'd from thy ſoul every ſentiment of benevolence and virtue. O ſin! fatal ſin! terrible is the deſolation

thou ſpreadeſt in the human breaſt. What gloomy preſages torture my ſad boſom, when I look thro' futurity, and behold thy ravages among my unhappy offspring. Thus ſpoke the father of mankind. Grief ſat heavy on his venerable brow. He left the bower, and with haſty ſtep ſought his firſt-born. CAIN beheld him coming, and, ceaſing from his labour, thus began: What means this ſternneſs in my father's look? it was with no ſuch air of ſeverity thou cam'ſt to embrace my brother. Why do thine eyes reproach me?

Thou wouldſt not, my ſon, have read reproach in mine eyes, return'd ADAM, wert thou not conſcious thou deſerv'ſt it. Yes, CAIN, thou deſerveſt reproach, and thy offended father is come to thee in all the bitterneſs of grief.

Without any love, interrupted CAIN; that ſenſation is reſerv'd for ABEL.

With love alſo, reſum'd ADAM, Heaven is my witneſs. I love thee with a father's fondneſs. Theſe tears, theſe inquietudes and anxious cares that agitate me, and no leſs her who brought thee forth with pain, have their ſource in the moſt affectionate love. 'Tis this tender love and concern for thy happineſs, that caſts a gloom over our days. 'Tis this love that cauſes the ſilence of the night to be interrupted by our ſighs and lamentations. O CAIN, CAIN! didſt thou love us, it would be thy moſt earneſt care to dry up our tears, and to diſpel that cloud of grief which darkens our days and fills them with horror. Ah! if thou ſtill retaineſt in thy breaſt any reſpect for the Omniſcient CREATOR, to whom the inmoſt receſſes of thine heart are open: if the leaſt ſpark of filial love to us, thy parents, ſtill

remains in thine obdurate ſoul, I conjure thee by that reſpect, and that love, to reſtore to us our loſt peace:---Reſtore, O my ſon, our extinguiſh'd joy. Nouriſh no longer againſt thy brother, againſt thy brother who loves thee with a ſincere affection, this ruthleſs hatred. He longs to embrace thee. Gladly would he clear thy mind from the tares of diſcontent with which it is over-run. O CAIN! thou wert my firſt-born, the beginning of my ſtrength. When thine infant eyes open'd to the light, I beheld thee with all the father in my heart. Wherefore then is thy ſoul diſquieted? why does Envy dwell in thy boſom, becauſe I rejoice too in thy brother? His refin'd and exalted piety drew from us tears of joy, and we in the ſweet tranſport careſs'd him. The angels who ſurround us, applaud every good action; the ALMIGHTY himſelf looks down from heaven's high arch, and regards with complacency the grate-

ful offerings of a thankful heart. Wouldſt thou change the invariable nature of beauty and goodneſs? This is not in our power, and if it were, CAIN, how muſt we be deprav'd before we could wiſh to withſtand the noble joy, the tender, the exquiſite feelings, that high rais'd devotion and exalted virtue create in the enraptur'd ſoul. Darkneſs, ſtorms, and the thunders of heaven call forth no gentle ſmile on the human countenance; as little do the agitation of boiſterous paſſions cauſe joy to ſpring up in the human heart.

CAIN ſternly anſwer'd: Is reproach all that I am to hear from a father's lips? If my face does not always wear a pleaſing ſmile: if tears of tenderneſs do not follow each other down my cheek, am I for this to be branded with deteſtable vices? Born with more firmneſs, bold enterprizes and ſevere toils

have ever been my choice. Nature has ſtamp'd on my forehead a manly gravity. I cannot weep or ſmile at every trifle. Does the towering eagle coo like the timerous dove?

ADAM with majeſtic gravity return'd: Thou deceiveſt thyſelf; thou hideſt in thy boſom horrid ſentiments that will wrankle in thine heart, and render thee wretched if they are not ſtifled. O CAIN! it is no manly gravit, that is ſtamp'd on thy brow; it is envy, ſorrow, and gloomy diſcontent. Theſe are ſeen in thine eyes; the diſturbance of thy mind is viſible in thy whole deportment. Thine inward dejection, O my ſon! has ſpread a denſe cloud over all thy proſpects. Hence ariſe thy continual murmurs, thy peeviſhneſs and paſſion during the labours of the day. Hence thy unſocial averſion to us: hence the black melancholy to to which thou art a prey. Tell, oh

tell thine affectionate father, what will give thee eaſe. It is his ardent wiſh that thy days may paſs ſerene as the vernal morn. What cauſe haſt thou, O CAIN! to be diſquieted? are not all the ſprings of happineſs open to thee? Indulgent Nature offers to thee all her beauties. The good, the uſeful, the agreeable, are they not thine as well as ours? Why then doſt thou leave the bleſſings of Heaven untaſted, and complaineſt of wretchedneſs? Is it becauſe thou art diſſatisfy'd with the portion of happineſs the Divine bounty has been pleaſed to beſtow on fallen man? Is not every bleſſing the undeſerved gift of infinite goodneſs? Doſt thou envy the lot of angels? Know that the angels were ſuſceptible of diſcontent, and by aſpiring to become Gods, forfeited heaven. Wouldſt thou arraign the diſpenſations of the MOST HIGH towards his ſinful creatures? While the whole creation in univerſal concert praiſe the CREA-

TOR, ſhall guilty man, a worm ſprung from the mud, dare to lift up the head, and carp at him whoſe infinite wiſdom regulates the wide expanſe of heaven; to whom all futurity is preſent, and who by His unerring providence can cauſe evil to be productive of good. Be chearful, O my ſon; caſt far from thee this ſadneſs and diſcontent: let it no longer diſturb thy thoughts; no longer throw a frightful gloom over the natural ſerenity of thy countenance. Open thine heart to every ſocial affection, and look with a grateful complacency on all the innocent pleaſures which Nature diſplays before thee.

What need of all theſe exhortations? cried CAIN, Do I not know that was my heart at eaſe every thing around me would give me delight? but can I ſilence the ſtorm, or bid the impetuous torrent flow in a placid ſtream? I am born of woman, and from my nativity ſentenc'd

to misery. On my unhappy head the ALMIGHTY has pour'd forth the cup of malediction. It is not for me Nature displays her beauties, nor do the streams of bliss, of which you take such plentiful draughts, flow for me.

Alas! my son, said ADAM with a voice render'd almost inarticulate by his strong emotions and his tears; 'tis but too true, that the Divine malediction was pronounc'd on all born of woman: but why, Oh why shouldst thou believe that GOD has pour'd on thee, our first-born, more of his wrath, than on us the first transgressors. No, this is not, this cannot be the case: sovereign goodness contradicts it. No, my dear son, thou wert not born for misery: the beneficent CREATOR never call'd any of his creatures into being to render them unhappy. Man may, indeed, by his own folly make himself wretched. If he suffers his reason to yield to im-

petuous paſſions, ignorant of true felicity, he may render his life a burthen, and convert what is naturally good and ſalutary into a deſtructive poiſon. Thou canſt not ſilence the ſtorm, nor ſtop the rapidity of the torrent; but thou canſt diſpel the clouds of diſcontent that obſcure thy reaſon, and reſtore to thy ſoul its original light. Thou canſt force into ſubjection every impetuous paſſion, every irregular deſire. Gain, O my ſon, this noble victory over thyſelf, and it will refine thy ſentiments: thy whole ſoul will be illumin'd: darkneſs and diſtreſs will vaniſh like the miſts of the dawn before the ſolar ray. There was a time, my dear ſon, when I have ſeen even thee ſhed tears: when from the gratulations of conſcience, joy has ſpread itſelf thro' all thy powers; delightful fruits of virtuous actions! I refer it to thyſelf, CAIN, wert thou not then happy? was not thy ſoul like the clear azure of the heavens, unclouded,

unſpotted. Recover that beam of the DEITY, Reaſon: let her clear light direct thy ſteps, and Virtue, her inſeparable companion, will reſtore joy and permanent felicity to thy purify'd heart. Liſten, O CAIN! and comply with the advice of thy father. The firſt injunction that Reaſon lays on thee is, to embrace thy brother. With what joy will he receive thy endearments! with what tenderneſs will he return them!

Father, reply'd CAIN, when at the heat of noon I reſt from my labour, I will embrace him. I cannot now leave the field. I promiſe I will obey thee, and embrace my brother: but----while I breathe my firm ſoul will never be diſſolv'd to that effeminate weakneſs, that ſo endears him to you, and makes your eyes run over with tranſport. To a ſoftneſs like this we all owe the curſe denounc'd againſt us, when in Paradiſe

you weakly ſuffer'd yourſelf to be overcome by a woman's tears.----But what do I ſay? dare I reproach my father? No, my venerable parent, I reverence thee, and am ſilent. Thus ſpoke CAIN, and return'd to his labour.

ADAM remain'd motionleſs with his hands and eyes rais'd to heaven. At length in a tone of deep diſtreſs, he cry'd O CAIN, CAIN! I have deſerv'd theſe cutting reproaches: but ſhouldſt thou not have ſpar'd thy father. Shouldſt thou not to have forborne this cruel charge, which, like a clap of thunder, ſhakes my tortur'd ſoul? Ah me! thus will my lateſt poſterity, when immers'd in ſin, they feel the pangs inſeparable from guilt, riſe up againſt my duſt, and curſe the firſt ſinner. Having thus ſpoke, ADAM with penſive eyes fix'd on the earth, ſlowly withdrew. The groans that burſt from the agitated boſom of the afflicted fa-

ther, now ſtruck even this obdurate ſon with remorſe, and he cry'd, gazing after him, What a wretch am I! How could I reproach ſo good, ſo tender a parent? How have I loaded him with grief! I ſtill hear his groans.---I ſee him lift up his ſupplicating hands to Heaven.----Perhaps, vile as I am, he prays even for me; for me who have torn his heart with keen diſtreſs! Oh that I too could pray! but I am a monſter, ----hell is in my boſom, and like a ravaging whirlwind, I deſtroy the peace of all around me. Return, O Reaſon return! Return, O Virtue! chaſe from my troubl'd ſoul theſe wild and darkening paſſions.----Still----ſtill he prays. O how his emotions reproach me!---- His claſp'd hands are again rais'd in agony.----He ſeems ſpent.----I will at his feet implore his pardon.----O my raſh tongue----my rebellious heart!

CAIN then ran towards ADAM, who was leaning againſt a tree, with his weeping eyes fix'd on the ground. He threw himſelf on the earth, and cry'd, Forgive me----forgive me, O my father! I deſerve thou ſhouldſt turn from me with abhorrence. I abhor myſelf; but while I am thus humbled before thee in the duſt,----while I thus graſp thy knees, deſpiſe not my repentance, ----deſpiſe not my tears. My harden'd heart reſiſted thine exhortations with a ſullen pride: but O my injur'd father! thy diſtreſs and thy groans have melted my obdurate ſoul. A beam from heaven has enlighten'd my benighted mind. With unfeign'd ſorrow and deep contrition, I ſee my folly---I ſee my guilt---I know that I am unworthy of thy love. Yet, O my dear and venerable parent! reject not theſe penitential tears----reject not the ſincere ſubmiſſions of my heart, O my father!

I implore pardon of GOD, of thee, and of my brother.

Riſe, my ſon, riſe, cry'd ADAM, affectionately embracing him, and raiſing him to his boſom; the MOST HIGH who dwelleth in the heavens beholds with complacency theſe tears of repentance. Embrace me, my ſon, and receive thy joyful father's forgiveneſs and cordial embrace. Bleſt time! happy hour! in which my ſon, my firſt-born, reſtores our tranquility. O my child! joy, exceſs of joy has weaken'd all my powers. Support me, my ſon, and let us haſten to thy brother, that my ſatisfaction may be compleated by beholding your mutual endearments.

ADAM leaning on CAIN, walk'd towards the paſtures. ABEL with his mother and ſiſters met them in the grove: they had follow'd ADAM at a

a diſtance; they had ſeen his emotions, and with delight had beheld the repentance and tears of CAIN. ABEL, the moment he ſaw his brother, flew to him with open arms: he claſp'd them around him with a ſtrenuous graſp, unable for ſome time to give vent, but from his eyes, to the ſweet effuſions of his heart. At length he cried, O my brother!----my dear brother! thou then lov'ſt me----lov'ſt me with fondneſs! let me hear thy lips pronounce that thou ſtill lov'ſt me, and my happineſs will be complete. Yes, my brother, anſwer'd CAIN, while he preſs'd him with a warm embrace, I do, indeed, ſincerely love thee. May I hope thou wilt forgive my having ſo long imbitter'd thy days by my unkindneſs, and the fury of my boiſterous paſſions. I too, my brother, was unhappy; but reaſon, like the rapid flaſh of the heavens has broke thro' the gloom, and and diſpers'd the baleful tempeſt. Never,

ABEL, never may'ſt thou remember my former darkneſs.

The delighted ABEL, with encreas'd rapture reply'd, Never, my dear CAIN. Be the paſt utterly forgotten: who would dwell on the diſtreſsful illuſions of a morning dream, when they might, like me, awake to real happineſs, ſurrounded by multiply'd delights. O my dear brother! words have not power to expreſs my tranſports----to expreſs the ſweet joy with which my ſoul is fill'd, while I thus preſs thee, my brother, my friend, to my throbbing heart.

EVE, who had with tender delight beheld this moving ſcene, ſprang to her ſons, and throwing her maternal arms around them both, while delicious tears of joyful ſympathy ran down her cheeks, cry'd, O my ſons! my dearly beloved children! never did I ſince I have borne the tender name of mother,

feel ſuch exquiſite, ſuch rapturous ſenſations. The griefs, which like the weight of a cumberous mountain oppreſs'd my ſoul, are now remov'd. My heart will no more be torn by the unhappy diſagreement of thoſe whom I carry'd in my womb, and nouriſh'd with my breaſt. I ſhall now ſee---tranſported I ſhall ſee, peace and harmony, joy and love dwell among my happy offspring. As the fruitful vine is bleſs'd by the thirſty labourer, when refreſh'd by its delicious fruit, ſo will my now united children bleſs me as the inſtrument of their felicity. Let me, my ſons, join you in this ſweet embrace. Let me too, my daughters, preſs you to my boſom. With what joy do I participate in the unſpeakable extaſy viſible in the faces of my dear children, and on that of my much-lov'd huſband! She then turn'd towards ADAM; her matron lip met his, while conjugal

tenderneſs and parental love were ſeen blended in her ſtill gliſtening eye.

The beauteous ſiſters, tho' ſilent, ſhar'd the general rapture. MAHALA, CAIN's ſpouſe, when diſengag'd from her mother's fond embrace, ſaid, while vivacity and joy ſparkled in her alter'd features, Let us, my deareſt THIRZA, chuſe the faireſt flowers to deck our bower, delightful ſeat of peace and happineſs! We'll ſtrip the bending branches of their luſcious load to form the rich repaſt. This day, this happy day we'll conſecrate to mirth and innocent feſtivity, indulging every virtuous tranſport, we'll, with united hearts, welcome the new-born joy. She then with nimble feet, follow'd by THIRZA, ran to prepare the ſweet refreſhing banquet.

ADAM and his ſpouſe, attended by their ſons, walk'd ſlowly on. Ere they

had reach'd the bower, the active ſiſters had, with laviſh hand, beſpread the green carpet: fruits of various ſorts offer'd their juices, while variegated flowers lent their odours, and chear'd the eye with their bright tints. Their feaſt was elegant; but it was the elegance of nature: no darts of death, hid in rich ſauces, ſtruck with inhoſpitable blow the unthinking gueſt. Contentment ſat on every face; in every eye beam'd ſweet complacency. Social converſe and unmix'd delight gave rapidity to the flight of Time, while the unheaded hours brought on mild evening.

THE

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK II.

WHILE the firſt family of the world were in the bower indulging domeſtic bliſs, the father of mankind thus ſpoke. It is now, my children, you experience the delight of ſelf-approbation. The recollection of a good action diffuſes a pleaſing ſerenity through the ſoul. Nothing, my ſons, nothing but the practice of virtue can render us truly happy. Virtue makes

us capable of the enjoyments of thoſe pure ſpirits who ſurround the throne of GOD. While we follow the dictates of reaſon, while we enjoy with gratitude and love the bleſſings of nature, and have humble hope and confidence in GOD our Maker, we anticipate the delights of Heaven; but if we ſuffer our paſſions to degrade and ſubdued us, inquietude, diſtreſs and miſery will darken all our proſpects: in vain will the heavens ſmile, in vain will the fruitful earth pour forth her bounties. Believe me, my dear children! believe a father made wiſe by his own fatal experience, the joys of ſin are follow'd by ſhame, ſorrow, and bitter repentance. O EVE, continu'd ADAM, once the dear partner of my diſtreſs, as now of my happineſs, could we have thought, when with ſtreaming eyes, and hearts torn with anguiſh, we took leave of Paradiſe, that ſo much felicity was to be found on earth. Never will the

horrors of that dreadful hour be effac'd from my mind. My Father, returned ABEL, if the recital of paſt griefs will not be diſpleaſing; if the recollection will not throw a gloom on this hour of reconcilement and joy, gladly would I hear from thee the events of thy life, from that fatal moment to the preſent time.

All look'd on ADAM with the eye of expectation: all ſeem'd pleas'd with the requeſt of ABEL, and the firſt of men reply'd, What, my children, can I refuſe in this day of joyful gratulation? I will relate to you the principal occurrences of thoſe times of affliction and grief, of conſolation and mercy, when GOD, even that GOD whom we had offended, deign'd to chear by his promiſes laps'd and fallen man. Where, O EVE, dear companion in every woe and in every delight! ſhall I begin the intereſting narrative? Shall it be from

our firſt leaving the garden of GOD?--- But I ſee thy tears already flow. My tears, return'd our general mother, are now thoſe of devout thankfulneſs and humble love, not the bitter ones of ſhame, ſorrow, and ſad regret. Begin, dear ADAM, at my taking a laſt look on the forfeited ſeat of bliſs. In that dreadful moment ſhame and remorſe for the paſt, and agonizing fear for the future, rais'd ſuch a conflict in my wretched boſom, that I ſunk into thine arms, wiſhing for the immediate execution of a threatening, that was to confound me with my original duſt. What I then felt, permit me to deſcribe. Thy tenderneſs for me, will, I know, make thee paſs too lightly over the melting ſcene.

The angel of the LORD, on whoſe countenance ſhone benignity and ſoft compaſſion, was commiſſion'd to drive us out of Paradiſe. He ſooth'd us with

gentle words, cheer'd us with promiſes, and bid us hope and put our truſt in the clemency of our All-merciful CREATOR: but the ſword in his hand flam'd terrible. At Eden's gate he ſtopp'd. I guard, ſaid he, this paſſage, no more muſt enter here aught that defiles. We were now travellers on the vaſt earth; Paradiſe was irretrievably loſt; the country we croſs'd ſeem'd one wide and dreary deſart; no fruitful trees, no flow'ry ſhrubs, no fertile ſpot cheer'd our ſad eyes. ADAM held my hand, I frequently caſt deſpairing looks towards the ſeat of loſt felicity, not preſuming to raiſe my guilty eyes to the victim of my folly, and companion of my miſery. Sorrow bent his head to the ground, and we walk'd on diſtreſs'd and ſilent. ADAM ſurvey'd with anxious eye the uncultivated earth, then caſt a pitying look at me, and to ſoothe my overflowing ſorrows, gently preſs'd me to his breaſt.

We had aſcended an high hill and now going down the declivity, every ſtep diminiſh'd our view of Eden; my heart was rent with agony, and my grief depriv'd me of motion. Now, now, I cry'd ſobbing, I behold for the laſt time Paradiſe, my natal ſoil: bleſt ſeat of innocence and joy, for the laſt time I behold thee! Ye flowers once cultivated by my careful hand, who now enjoys your ſweets? What eye is charm'd with your bright colours! Ye trees, who now ſhall prop your loaded branches? who now ſhall taſte your rich produce? Delightful bowers farewel----farewel dear ſhades, no more ſhall theſe ſad eyes behold your verdure, baniſh'd for ever from your ſweet retreats! 'Twas there, dear partner of my ſin and ſhame! thou aſk'd of Heaven an help-mate to double and to ſhare thy bliſs. Alas! thy prayer was granted, and thine own ſide produc'd thy ruin. Our MAKER form'd us pure

and ſpotleſs; while innocent, the happy ſpirits who behold the face of GOD deign'd with complacency to viſit our bleſt abode: deign'd to inſtruct us in our duty; to warn us of our danger. What are we now?---dreadful degradation! O ADAM! thy perfidious wife has involv'd thee, by her ſeductions, in ſin and ſorrow. Yet dear accomplice, to whom with awe I raiſe my pitying eye, do not hate me. Thou haſt a right to curſe me;----but O dear ſpouſe! if I may ſtill call thee by that tender name, uſe it not; for thou art my ſole ſupport. By that GOD whom we have offended, by the chearing promiſes of his indulgent goodneſs, I conjure thee not to forſake me. All I requeſt is, that I may follow and ſerve thee.----I will watch thy looks----I will anticipate thy commands; happy if my obedience, my weak ſervices gain from thee a pitying ſmile, a look of ſoft compaſſion.

Here my ſtrength and voice fail'd, I was ſinking to the earth; but my dear huſband caught me in his arms, and preſs'd me, with a look of affection, to his heart. O EVE! he cry'd, whom I ſtill, and always will tenderly love, let us not heighten our keen diſtreſs by ſelf-reproach. Our GOD, in the midſt of puniſhment, has remember'd mercy. He has ſoften'd his chaſtiſements by his promiſes. Veil'd as theſe promiſes are in a ſacred obſcurity, the DIVINE Goodneſs appears with ſenſible radience, and we WILL hope in his mercy. We will not reproach ourſelves----we will not reproach each other. O my deareſt! had our GOD only conſulted his juſt indignation, where ſhould we both have been now? We will praiſe him for his goodneſs, our lips ſhall bleſs his name. Our voices ſhall only be heard in thankſgiving, humble ſupplications, and expreſſions of endearment and love. Our JUDGE is omniſcient, with him

there is no darkneſs. He ſees the humiliation of our ſouls; he beholds our gratitude, our ſincere contrition. He knows our weakneſs, and will accept of our feeble efforts to regain perfection. Embrace me, my deareſt wife! Let us by mutual tenderneſs and acts of kindneſs, endeavour to alleviate our calamity.

ADAM ceas'd ſpeaking. His words and tender careſſes gave eaſe to my oppreſs'd heart, and ſtrength and activity to my enfeebled limbs. We proceeded to the bottom of the hill, where we found a grove of poplars which extended to the foot of a rock. EVE giving her huſband a look of affection was now ſilent, and ADAM thus continu'd:

We advanc'd, my children, thro' the grove, and found in the rock a cavity that form'd a grotto. See, deareſt EVE! ſaid I, ſee the convenience of-

fer'd us by nature: this grotto will afford us ſhelter, and this pure ſpring that murmuring flows from its ſide, will ſlake our thirſt. We'll here prepare our lodging: but my deareſt wife, before we ſleep, I muſt ſecure the entrance to keep us from being ſurpriz'd by nocturnal enemies. What enemies? return'd EVE with emotion: What enemies have we to fear? Haſt thou not remark'd, my love, ſaid I, that the curſe of our ſin has fallen on the whole creation: the bands of friendſhip are broken between the animals, and the weak are now become the prey of the ſtrong. I have ſeen a young lion purſue with fatal rage a frighted roe. I have beheld a war in the air among the birds. We can no longer claim a right to command the animals: the ſpotted leopard, the brindled lion and fierce tygar no more fawn on us, nor play their wanton gambols in our ſight; but caſt againſt us frightful roarings, while

their blazing eyes threaten deſtruction. We will try to gain by our kindneſs thoſe among the beaſts that are moſt tractable, and Providence has given us reaſon which will teach us to ſecure ourſelves from the moſt ſavage.

EVE with timid looks, keeping me in her ſight, went to gather flowers and leaves to form our bed, and fruit for our repaſt. In the mean time I ſecur'd the entrance of the grotto with entwin'd brambles. My ſpouſe, haſten'd by fear, quickly perform'd her taſk, and returning, reſted herſelf before me on the tender graſs.

WE ſoon after enter'd the grotto, and ſeating ourſelves on our bed of intermingled leaves and flowers, began our frugal meal, ſeaſon'd, however, with mutual endearments, and grateful converſe; when a dark cloud ſuddenly obſcur'd the declining ſun. It ſpread

over our heads with encreaſing darkneſs, and the black veil which cover'd the earth ſeem'd to preſage the deſtruction of all nature. A tempeſtuous wind aroſe: it bellow'd in the mountains: it overthrew the trees of the foreſt. Flames darted from the clouds, and loud burſts of thunder augmented the horrors of this tremendous ſcene. EVE ſtruck with terror, threw herſelf, ſcarce breathing, into my arms, and clinging to my breaſt, cry'd, He comes! ---- he comes! ---- in flames he comes to bring the threaten'd death! ---- How dreadful! ---- For my ſin he comes to give death to us and to all nature! ---- O ADAM! ---- O my love! ---- Here her voice fail'd, and ſhe remain'd trembling and pale on my boſom. Be calm, my love! I cry'd: compoſe thyſelf, we will with bended knees and contrite hearts adore our GOD, who in terrible majeſty comes riding on the clouds. His thunders proclaim his approach:

the darting fires mark his paſſage. O Thou ETERNAL, who with benignity and goodneſs temper'd the inſupportable radiance of thy divinity, when I firſt came from thy creating hand, Thou art terrible in judgment, yet ſuffer us not to be conſum'd by Thy wrath. Deſtroy us not, O GOD! in Thy hot diſpleaſure.

We then proſtrated ourſelves at the entrance of the grotto, and with pale countenances and trembling lips, offer'd up our adorations, expecting when our awful JUDGE would from the clouds, pronounce by his thunders, Die, ye ingrates! and let the earth that bore you be diſſolv'd by the fire of my indignation!

The clouds now pour'd forth their torrents: livid flames no longer flaſh'd from the heavens, and the thunder roll'd at a diſtance. I rais'd my head

from the ground, ſaying, The ALMIGHTY, my dear EVE, hath paſs'd by. He hath not deſtroy'd the earth: we are yet permitted to live. He hath remember'd His promiſes. ETERNAL WISDOM, EVERLASTING TRUTH repenteth not. He will fullfil the deſigns of his mercy; and thy ſeed, O EVE! ſhall bruiſe the head of the ſerpent.

We aroſe and were comforted. The heavens reſum'd their brightneſs, and the ſetting ſun ſpread a mild radiance thro' the ſky, like the luminous track we uſed to behold in Eden, when legions of angels were carry'd above our heads on the flying clouds. Silence reign'd over the moiſt fields, the herbage and flowers, ſtill glittering with the drops of heaven, glow'd with more than uſual beauty. The departing ſun darted on us his laſt beams, while we celebrated with reverential

awe, and thankful love, the wiſdom, power, and mercy of our CREATOR.

Thus paſs'd the firſt day after our leaving Paradiſe. The ruddy evening gave place to the grey twilight, and ſoon the earth was only enlighten'd by the moon's feeble rays. We now for the firſt time were chill'd by the cold of the night, though a few hours before we had almoſt fainted under the ardent rays of the ſcorching ſun at noon. Our Beneficent MAKER had condeſcended to gird our loins with the ſkins of beaſts, before our leaving Paradiſe, to ſhew that he had not withdrawn from us his ſuccouring hand; in theſe we wrapp'd ourſelves, and lying down on our leafy bed, hand in hand waited the approach of ſleep.

Sleep, the relief of the weary, at length came; but it was unaccompany'd with that ſoft eaſe, that ſweet

delight which bleſt our ſlumbers while innocent: our imagination then preſented none but ſmiling and agreeable images. Inquietude, fear, and remorſe did not then keep us waking the tedious hours of darkneſs, nor mingle in our dreams with fantaſtic phantoms. The heavens were however calm, and our reſt was undiſturb'd: but Oh how different from that delicious night when I led thee, my ſpouſe, for the firſt time to the nuptial bower! The flowers and odoriferous ſhrubs charm'd with new ſweetneſs. Never was the warbling of the nightingale ſo harmonious: never did the pale moon ſhine with ſuch radiance: ---- But why do I dwell on images that awaken my grief, now huſh'd to ſilence?

We ſlept till the morning ſun had exhal'd the limpid dew. When we awoke we found ourſelves refreſh'd and fitted for labour, and enjoy'd with de-

light and gratitude the harmony of the birds, who were celebrating with their ſweeteſt notes the renewed light: their number was yet but ſmall; for there were then no other animals on this earth but thoſe, who, inſtructed by divine inſtinct, had after the fall, fled from Paradiſe, that the garden of the LORD might not be defil'd by death.

We offer'd up our adorations at the entrance of the grotto, after which I ſaid to EVE, We will, my love, go farther and view this immenſe country: our All-merciful GOD has given us liberty of choice. We may fix our abode where the earth is moſt fertile; where Nature is moſt profuſe of her beauties. Seeſt thou, EVE, that river, which like a huge ſerpent, winds in bright ſlopes through the meadows. The hill on its bank, ſeems at this diſtance like a garden full of trees, and its top is cover'd with verdure. My

dear ſpouſe, return'd EVE, preſſing my hand to her boſom, I ſhall follow with delight the ſteps of thee, my conductor and guard. We will purſue our walk towards the hill.

We were going on when we ſaw juſt above our heads a bird fly with feeble wing: its feathers were rough and diſorder'd: it caſt forth plaintive cries, and having flutter'd a little in the air, ſunk down without ſtrength among the buſhes. EVE went to ſeek it, and beheld another lie without motion on the graſs, which that we had before ſeen ſeem'd to lament. My ſpouſe ſtooping over it, examin'd it with great attention, and in vain try'd to rouſe it from what ſhe believ'd to be ſleep. It will not wake, ſaid ſhe to me, in a fearful voice, laying the bird from her trembling hand, ---- It will not wake. --- It will never wake more! She then burſt into tears, and ſpeaking

to the lifeleſs bird, ſaid, Alas! the poor bird who pierc'd my ears with his cries, was perhaps thy mate. It is me! ----It is me! unhappy that I am, who have brought miſery and grief on every creature! For my ſin theſe pretty harmleſs animals are puniſhed. Her tears redoubled. What an event! ſaid ſhe, turning to me. How ſtiff and cold it is! It has neither voice nor motion. Its joints no longer bend. Its limbs refuſe their office. Speak, ADAM, is this death? Ah it is.---How I tremble! An icy cold runs thro' my bones. If the death with which we are threaten'd is like this, how terrible! ---What, deareſt ADAM! would become of me, if, like the feather'd mate of this poor bird, I am left behind to mourn? Or what of thee, if death tear me from thy fond arms? Should GOD create another EVE to fill my forfeit place in thy lov'd boſom, ſhe will not----cannot love like me, thy

thy partner in diſtreſs and baniſhment. Unable to ſay more, ſhe wept, ſhe ſobb'd, and her expreſſive eyes tenderly fix'd on mine, made my feeling heart partake her anguiſh. I preſs'd her to my breaſt: I kiſs'd her cheek, and mix'd my tears with her's. Ceaſe, deareſt EVE, I cry'd, theſe fond complaints. Dry up thy tears. Have confidence in the SUPREME BEING, who governs all his creatures by His infinite wiſdom. Though we cannot penetrate into the deſigns of His providence: though His majeſtic tribunal is ſurrounded by darkneſs, we may reſt aſſur'd, that Mercy and Love remain near his throne. Why, my love, ſhould we anticipate misfortunes? Why ſhould we, guided by a gloomy imagination, ſeek for them in futurity? Was our reaſon given us only to make us wretched? Shall we ungratefully turn our eyes from the repeated inſtances of his loving-kindneſs and tender mercy, at

the hazard of plunging ourſelves in miſery by our blindneſs. It is His wiſdom, and His goodneſs that regulate and appoint what ſhall befal us. Let us with humble confidence proceed under his direction, and devoutly acquieſce in his appointments, without ſeeking to know what he hath not condeſcended to reveal.

We now advanc'd to the eminence. Its gentle aſcent was almoſt cover'd with buſhes and fertile ſhrubs. On the ſummit in the midſt of fruit-trees grew a lofty cedar, whoſe thick branches form'd an extenſive ſhade, which was render'd more cool and delightful by a limpid brook that ran in various windings among the flowers. This ſpot afforded a proſpect ſo immenſe, that the ſight was only bounded by the duſky air; the ſky forming a concave around us, that appear'd wherever we turn'd, to touch the di-

ſtant mountains. Here ſaid I, my deareſt love, we will fix our abode. This ſpot is a faint ſhadow of Paradiſe, whoſe bliſsful bowers we muſt never more behold. Receive us, majeſtic cedar, under thy ſhade. Ye trees of various taſte and hue refreſh and ſuſtain us with your delicious fruits: never ſhall we gather the ſweet produce without gratitude: It ſhall be the reward of our attentive care and laborious cultivation. O GOD OMNIPOTENT, who reigneſt in the heavens! look with a propitious eye on this our dwelling. Lend an ear of compaſſion to the ſupplications, receive with favour the praiſes and thankſgivings which we, Thy frail offending creatures, ſhall never ceaſe to ſend up towards thy celeſtial throne, through the ſpreading branches of theſe trees. Here, my deareſt wife, we ſhall obtain, by the ſweat of our brows, our ſupport. Under theſe ſhades, thou ſhalt bring

forth with pain. From hence, will our offspring ſpread themſelves over the wide earth. Here too, death ſhall one day viſit us, and we ſhall be confounded with our original duſt. O LORD GOD our Maker! ſhower down Thy bleſſings on the profane abode of us ſinners. While I thus utter'd the devout breathings of my ſoul, EVE was proſtrate on the earth by my ſide: her hands were elevated; her eyes ſwam in tears, and were rais'd towards Heaven in holy extaſy.

I now began to conſtruct our habitation under the ſhade of the ſpreading cedar. I fix'd in the earth a circle of ſtrong ſtakes, and interwove them with flexible twigs. While I was thus employ'd, EVE was conveying the ſtream among the flowers; gathering ripe fruits; ſupporting with ſmall ſticks the bending ſtalks of the variegated ſhrubs, and pruning their luxuriant

branches. Then it was that we began to eat our bread by the ſweat of our brows.

I went to the river to fetch reeds to cover our cottage: there I ſaw five ewes, white as the ſouthern clouds, and with them a young ram, feeding by the ſide of the water. I approach'd them without noiſe, fearing they would fly me like the tyger and the lion, who before our fatal tranſgreſſion, us'd to play with the kid or the lamb at our feet. But inſtead of endeavouring to eſcape me, they ſuffer'd me to ſtroak their fleeces, and I drove them before me with a reed to our hill, where I intended they ſhould for the future feed. EVE was buſy'd in erecting a bower, and did not immediately on my return obſerve my little flock: but they ſoon diſcover'd themſelves by their bleating. She ſtarted at the ſound, and drop'd the boughs from her hand thro'

fear: but ſoon recovering, ſhe cry'd, with joy in her countenance, O ADAM! they are gentle and fond as in Paradiſe. Welcome, pretty animals! ye ſhall live with us. All ye want is here. Ye need not ſtray; for here are flowery paſtures, fragrant herbage, and a clear ſpring. Your innocent ſporting will give us delight while we attend our trees and flowers. Yes, harmleſs creatures! ſhe continu'd, patting their woolly backs, ye ſhall be my flock, and I will be your indulgent miſtreſs.

Our little dwelling was now compleated, and we were enjoying the cool breezes at its entrance, and ſilently ſurveying the diſtant country, when EVE ſaid, My deareſt love, how beautifully is the proſpect before us variegated! How fertile, how full of bleſſings is this earth which we thought ſo barren! Let us to the fruits and flowers which the hill already yields, add thoſe that

grow on its borders, and our abode will have a faint reſemblance of Eden's delightful ſhades. Ah! ſhe added with a ſigh; it will then bear but the ſame proportion of likeneſs to Paradiſe, as that does to the bliſsful ſeats of the angels, which the heavenly meſſengers who in our happy days of innocence condeſcended to viſit us, deſcrib'd in ſuch glowing colours. O thou garden of the LORD, how delightful were thy ſweet retreats! how did thy gay tints charm the eye! how did thy luſcious fruits, thy aromatic fragrance feaſt the ſenſes! Whatever neceſſity requir'd, all the uſeful, all the agreeable, were there in rich profuſion. O my ſpouſe! compar'd with that luxuriant ſpot, what is all about us but dry ſterility and barrenneſs? This earth under the Divine malediction ſeems unable to produce in the ſame lands that ſweet variety, that happy diverſity that charm'd us in Eden's bowers. We muſt now ſeek

the different productions in diſtant places. I have ſeen too, that not only harmleſs animals are the prey of death, he ſtretches his wide domain, he tyrannizes over the whole earth, and makes rude havock in the world of vegetation. O Adam! what fruits have I beheld, drop from their branches, ſpoilt, and full of black rottenneſs! What flowers wither on their ſtalks! The trees are diſrob'd of their verdure by the deſpoiler Death. I have obſerv'd too, that young leaves ſupply the place of thoſe that are fallen, and that the ſeeds of dead flowers caſt into the earth produce new ones. We, ADAM, muſt thus one day wither and die, and our children ſhall ſucceſſively grow up and flouriſh.

She ceas'd ſpeaking, and I, deeply affected by her words, made anſwer, Dear EVE, were our loſs only the gay verdure, the fruits and flowers of Para-

diſe, it would ſcarce deſerve a ſigh; but alas! we are expell'd from the ſacred ſpot which our MAKER bleſs'd by his immediate preſence. There veiling his inſupportable radiance, he walk'd among the groves, while all nature celebrated the approach of the DEITY in reverential ſilence. Tho' form'd of the duſt, my proſtrations were accepted. The ALMIGHTY condeſcended to hear his creature, and vouchſaf'd to anſwer with benignity a frail worm. Alas! we have, by our diſobedience, loſt this privilege; guilty as we are, we can no more hope to converſe with infinite purity. This, this calls for our lamentations and our tears. Will the GOD of Heaven viſit a land under his curſe? Will the MOST HOLY dwell among ſinners? He looks down from the ſeats of bliſs; He regards with an eye of compaſſion our penitence and tears, and His bounties exceed every hope our wretchedneſs

could form. Even the bright ſpirits of Heaven are his meſſengers; they execute his orders on this dark globe: but alas! our poluted eyes are now unworthy to behold them! They perform the taſk aſſign'd, without deigning to become viſible to ſinful man, and then ſoar with haſty wing from this ſeat of corruption, now fit only to be the reſidence of beings under the curſe of their SOVEREIGN.

Thus were we holding converſe, and caſting our melancholy eyes on the country before us, when a reſplendent cloud deſcending glided towards us and reſted on our hill; from it ſtept a radiant form, wearing on his face a mageſtic ſmile. We haſtily aroſe; we bow'd our heads, and the celeſtial meſſenger thus ſpoke: He whoſe throne is in the higheſt Heaven has heard your complaints. "Go, ſaid he, and inform thoſe children of affliction, that

My preſence is not circumſcrib'd by the circuit of Heaven, it extends to all the works of my hands. Whence has the ſun its invigorating heat? Who teaches the ſtars to run their courſes? Why does the earth ſtill bring forth its fruits, and day and night regularly ſucceed each other? Who preſerves the various animals? In Me they live, breathe, and have their being. What keeps thee, ADAM, from ſinking into corruption? I am near thee: I ſuſtain thee by my power: I guard thee by my providence; and know the ſecret breathings of thy ſoul, and all the purpoſes of thine heart.

The luminous ſphere that encompaſs'd the angel reach'd even to me. Fill'd with devout extaſy I lifted up to him my dazzl'd eyes. How great beyond conception, ſaid I, are the favours of the LORD! He beholds our wretchedneſs with compaſſion: He ſends

his angels to give us comfort. O effulgent ſpirit! I ſtand confounded and abaſh'd before thee. How ſhall I, ſinful man that I am, dare to ſpeak to thee, the unoffending meſſenger of Heaven, array'd in light and purity? Yet O benevolent angel! permit me to mention the ſad apprehenſions and fears that oppreſs my heart. That GOD is every where preſent I readily believe. I ſee Him in his works: I feel Him in his goodneſs and tender mercies. That the MOST HIGH, a being perfect in purity ſhould more intimately communicate Himſelf to a worm defil'd with ſin, I do not preſume to expect. What I dread is, that when man ſhall be multiply'd on the earth, he will be eſtrang'd from GOD his Maker. I have fallen, my children may alſo fall----fall into more horrid depths, and thus being more and more debas'd, their wretchedneſs will encreaſe. The time will come when I ſhall be no longer with

them, to inform them, and give in my own perſon evident proofs of the loving-kindneſs and compaſſion of the LORD. 'Tis true, the ſmalleſt inſect will declare His beneficence: but if GOD continues to hide His face from man, will not the voice of Nature be too weak to ſtrike his mind? Will not the idea of the DEITY be totally loſt, or at leaſt, confounded in darkneſs and obſcurity? This thought gives my foreboding heart exquiſite anguiſh. I tremble with horror when my gloomy imagination repreſents to my view millions of creatures ſunk in diſtreſs and guilt, who may execrate me as the cauſe of their blindneſs and miſery.

Father of men, reply'd the angel with aſpect benign, He in whom, and by whom all things exiſt, will not forſake thine offspring. Often will they, by their tranſgreſſions, preſumptuouſly affront the Majeſty of Heaven. Often

will their ſins cry aloud for vengeance. The ALMIGHTY will graſp his thunder, and diſplay the terrors of His judgments. The guilty ſhall tremble in the duſt: the ſinner ſhall cry out in agony, Dreadful is the wrath of GOD, who can ſtand before it? But more often will He make himſelf known in kindneſs: He will delight to ſhew favour to the repenting children of men. Mercy and Compaſſion dwell always with him, Judgement is his ſtrange work. He will raiſe from among thy poſterity men whoſe minds he will enlighten. They, aſſiſted by the Spirit of GOD, ſhall call their brethren to repentance. Sinners ſhall hearken, and forſaking the ways of ſenſuality and profaneneſs, ſhall worſhip a Being of ſpotleſs purity in ſpirit and in truth. He will ſend among them prophets and holy perſons, whoſe miſſion he will evidence by miracles; theſe choſen of the LORD ſhall cure the diſeas'd, raiſe the dead, and

do many wondeful works. Theſe ſhall make known the judgments of the MOST HIGH: they ſhall declare his condeſcenſion and grace: they ſhall foretel what will happen in diſtant periods of time, and the accompliſhment of their prophecies will teach men, that the ETERNAL over-rules and directs according to his good pleaſure, and the merciful deſigns of His providence, events that appear to ſhort-ſighted mortals, the work of a blind chance. Often will he ſpeak to the ſons of men by his angels: frequently in prodigies, and there will be ſome righteous perſons to whom he will, with infinite goodneſs, more intimately manifeſt Himſelf; to them he will ſpeak face to face; till at length ſhall be uſher'd in the great myſtery of the ſalvation of mankind, when the ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head.

The angel was ſilent, and I, encourag'd by the condeſcention and ſweetneſs of his look, reply'd, O celeſtial friend! if thou wilt yet allow me, frail as I am, to call thee ſo; and why ſhould I doubt it? ſince thou canſt not hate him whom the ETERNAL does not hate----him for whom the DIVINE clemency manifeſts itſelf with ſuch ſplendor as ſtrikes the heavenly hoſt with admiration, and ſurpaſſes the power of words to expreſs, when the adoring ſoul, humbled in the duſt, attempts to pour forth its gratitude. Tell me, lucid ſpirit, if it be permitted thee to draw from the obſcurity with which they are ſurrounded thoſe auguſt myſteries; tell me what is the import of the promiſe, The ſeed of woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head: and what is meant by the curſe denounc'd againſt man, Thou ſhalt die. Nothing that the MOST HIGH permits me to reveal,

anſwer'd the angel, will I hide from thee.

Know then, O ADAM! on thy tranſgreſſing the DIVINE command, GOD ſaid to the happy ſpirits who worſhip before him, Man hath diſobey'd me; he ſhall die. A denſe cloud ſuddenly encompaſs'd the eternal throne, and a deep ſilence reign'd thro' the whole expanſe of Heaven; the celeſtial hoſt were fill'd with conſternation; but ſoon the darkneſs diſpers'd, and the praiſes of the HIGHEST again reſounded from the harps of angels. Never did GOD manifeſt himſelf with ſuch luſtre and magnificence, only in that memorable inſtant when his creative voice called the ſtars from non-exiſtence, and His almighty fiat went on creating through the immenſity of ſpace. The adoring angels were in eager expectation of what was to follow this unuſual pomp, when the majeſtic voice

of GOD ſounded through the arch of heaven uttering theſe words of benignity and grace, I will not withdraw my favour from the ſinner. To My infinite mercy the earth ſhall bear witneſs. Of the woman ſhall be born an Avenger who ſhall bruiſe the head of the ſerpent. Hell ſhall not rejoice in this victory. Death ſhall loſe its prey. Ye Heavens ſhew forth your gladneſs! Thus ſpake the ETERNAL. The blaze of his glory would have been too ſtrong for even the eyes of archangels, had not a thin cloud temper'd its inſupportable radiance. The bleſt inhabitants of Heaven celebrated with joy this great myſtery, and attun'd their golden harps to the praiſes of the FATHER OF SPIRITS, whoſe tender mercies are over all his works. How GOD will pardon the ſinner without offending his juſtice ſurpaſſes comprehenſion; but it is enough, ETERNAL TRUTH hath ſaid it. We know, and thou

may'ſt alſo reſt aſſur'd, that Death having loſt his power, can only diſengage the ſoul from its bonds. The body, that veſture of earth, ſhall return to the duſt of which it was form'd, while the immortal ſpirit, refin'd from all defilement, ſhall be rais'd to Heaven, to partake there with angels, archangels, and all the celeſtial hoſt, never ending felicity.

Hear, ADAM, the order of thy GOD, I will be gracious to thee and to thy ſeed. There ſhall be a ſign between me and thee as the ſeal of this great promiſe: thou ſhall build an altar on this hill, and offer on it a young lamb. I will, on my part, ſend down fire to conſume the victim. This ſacrifice thou ſhalt renew every year, and the flame ſhall annually deſcend to burn thine offering.

I have now told thee, firſt of men, continued the angel, all that the MOST HIGH thinks proper to reveal of his inſcrutable decrees. I am alſo allow'd to ſhew thee, that ye are not ſo ſolitary on this globe as ye imagine. Curſt as this earth is, ye are ſtill ſurrounded by pure ſpirits who are commiſſion'd to be your guard and defence, and order'd to preſide with watchful care over the works of nature: The angel then touching our eyelids, we beheld beauties that I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe. No words could give ideas that would do juſtice to the bright magnificence of the ſcene. All the country around us was peopled with the children of heaven, more beautiful than EVE when ſhe firſt came from the hands of her CREATOR, and with ſoft reluctance, and modeſt grace receiv'd her welcome in my arms.

Some were employ'd in collecting the light miſts that iſſu'd from the moiſt earth: they bore them upwards on their expanded wings, and converted them into mild dews and fertilizing ſhowers. Others lay reclin'd near purling brooks watching leſt their ſources ſhould fail, and the plants they water'd ſhould be depriv'd of their humid aliment. Many were diſpers'd through the open country, who preſided over the growth of fruits, and ſpread on the opening flowers azure, green and red, with every vivid hue, and by breathing on them, impregnated them with fragrance. Some peopled the groves, employ'd in various offices: from the glittering wings of theſe were wafted gentle breezes, which paſſing through the foliage of the trees, hover'd over the flowers, and ſkimm'd along the ſurface of the brooks and lakes. Some among theſe celeſtial labourers having perform'd the taſk aſſign'd them, were ſitting in the ſhade joining in

harmonious concert: the melody of their voices accompany'd the ſounding ſtrings of their golden harps, and they ſang to the praiſe of the MOST HIGH hymns, not to be heard by mortal ears. Not a few were walking on our hill, and among our bowers: in their gentle looks I beheld commiſſeration of our diſtreſs: but now our eyes again became unable to behold the heavenly effulgence, and the rapturous ſcene diſappear'd.

Theſe which you have juſt beheld, ſaid the angel, are ſpirits commiſſion'd to watch over the productions of the earth: they are the appointed aſſiſtants of Nature, and help to promote and complete her various works, according to the invariable and immutable laws of the great FIRST CAUSE. The CREATOR has given exiſtence to innumerable orders of beings. Even this earth, tho' under the curſe of the MOST HIGH,

is full of beauty, and the admiring angels behold on this globe objects too ſublime for mortal ſight. The delightful employment of ſome of theſe children of heaven is to watch over thy ſafety O ADAM! to avert from thee unforeſeen misfortune. They accompany thee in all thy ways: they aſſiſt thee in thy labours, and often turn even thy diſappointments to thy advantage; bringing from an apparent evil a real good. They with pleaſure behold thy domeſtic happineſs. They are witneſſes of thy moſt ſecret actions. A ſmile of benevolence ſhews their joy when man, their charge, acts right: the frown of diſdain and ſorrow ſits on their brow, when he forgets himſelf and his happineſs. Theſe in future ages the LORD will employ to diſtribute plenty through the countries he will delight to bleſs, or to carry famine and deſolation among rebellious nations, when it ſhall pleaſe him to recal them by his chaſtiſements.

The angel ceas'd ſpeaking. He caſt on us a look of mild condeſcenſion, and was loſt to our eyes in a ſhining cloud. We proſtrated ourſelves on the earth with devout extaſy, and humbly offer'd up our thankſgivings to our beneficent and All-merciful CREATOR.

I immediately ſet up the altar, as the LORD had commanded, on the ſummit of the hill; EVE employ'd herſelf in conſtructing around it a little paradiſe. She brought from the neighbouring plain the moſt beautiful and odoriferous flowers: theſe ſhe planted on all ſides of the altar, and with chearful labour water'd them each morning and evening from the clear ſtream that flow'd near our dwelling. O tutelar angels, ſaid ſhe, in the midſt of her labour, complete the work of my hands; for without your aid, in vain ſhall I plant, in vain ſhall I water! May your kind cares, bright ſpirits, give theſe flowers

more life, more beauty, more fragrance, than they had in their native ſoil; for to the LORD OF ALL this incloſure is conſecrated! I planted a ſpacious circle of trees around the holy altar, and their thick branches ſpread an awful ſhade that diſpos'd the mind to devout contemplation.

In theſe occupations we paſs'd the ſummer expos'd each day to the ſcorching ſun: autumn arriv'd, and repaid our labour with its various fruits. It drew near its cloſe; the loud blaſts of the north began to be heard, and the tops of the mountains were cover'd with an hoar froſt. Not then knowing that the weak earth, which was exhauſted by the profuſe liberality of Summer and Autumn, wanted to recover her ſtrength by the Reſt of Winter, we ſaw with grief the ſadden'd face of nature. In EDEN we knew no change of ſeaſons: mild Spring, gay Summer, and plenteous

Autumn charmed there together. As the Winter advanc'd, the face of nature wore encreaſing gloom: the flowers wither'd on their ſtalks, and if any yet ſurviv'd around the altar, they ſeem'd with drooping head to mourn their approaching fall. The lateſt fruits fell from the trees, and the ſapleſs branches caſt their leaves. The clouds pour'd down torrents of rain, and the higheſt peaks of the mountains were cover'd with ſnow. We beheld this ſcene of deſolation with fear and anxiety. Should this, my deareſt EVE, ſaid I, be only the firſt effects of the curſe pronounced againſt this earth, and GOD continues to puniſh, ſhe will be ſtripp'd of the ſmall remains of utility and beauty which her degradation has left her: Small were they in compariſon of the delights of Paradiſe, yet they were ſufficient to ſoften our toil, and afforded us many of the conveniences and bleſſings of life; but if the DIVINE male-

diction continues to ſpread deſtruction on this earth, how gloomy will be our days? What will become of our promis'd offspring? Thus we mourn'd our melancholy ſituation; but encourag'd by the promiſes of our GOD, we plac'd in Him an humble confidence. We endeavour'd to conſole each other, and to drive from our minds every thought of murmuring or diſcontent, and thankfully ador'd the LORD in the midſt of the dreary horrors by which we were ſurrounded.

We laid up for our Winter ſupport thoſe fruits that had eſcap'd corruption and rottenneſs, and that they might be ſtill preſerv'd, we dry'd them by fire. I cover'd our cottage anew, and made a cloſer fence around, to keep out the cold and the rain. In the mean time our little flock languidly wander'd on the eminence, gaining a ſcanty ſupport by nipping the ſhort graſs that ſtill remain'd,

or here and there ſprung up afreſh; and I, for their farther relief, rang'd the country to ſeek them fodder, which I carefully preſerv'd, leſt they ſhould periſh, if the rigours of winter encreas'd.

Sad and ſlow paſs'd our days, while the clouded ſky pour'd forth rain, and the bleak winds chill'd us with cold. But at length the genial ſun again reanimated the earth, and brighten'd the horizon, while gentle winds chas'd the moiſt fogs from the ſummits of the mountains. Reviving Nature ſmil'd at the return of youth; the fields were again cloath'd in chearful green: innumerable flowers deck'd the paſtures, and ſeem'd to vie with the ſun in luſtre. The trees again began to ſhoot out their buds, and all Nature was full of new-born joy. Thus crown'd with leaves and flowers came amiable Spring, that delightful morning of the year.

The trees with which I had ſurrounded the altar were pre-eminent in beauty. EVE ſaw with inexpreſſible rapture the flowers ſhe had planted on the holy ſpot recover their bloom. In vain, my children ſhould I attempt to give you an idea of our joyful extaſy. We ran to the conſecrated circle fill'd with devout gratitude. The ſun illum'd the ſacred ſpot with his pureſt radiance. Every creature ſeem'd to join in our praiſes of the CREATOR. The flowers exhal'd their ſweeteſt odours: the trees extended the ſhade of their bloſſoming branches over the holy altar: the wing'd inſects that inhabited the tender graſs chirp'd forth their joy: while the birds on the ſpreading boughs of the trees enliven'd our devotion by their meliflu-ous harmony. We caſt ourſelves on our knees, tears of gratitude and joy burſt from our eyes, fell on the graſſy turf, and mingled with the dew of the morning. Our fervid prayer aſcended

towards the LORD of nature, towards the GOD of Grace and Goodneſs, who had mercifully turn'd even the effects of his juſt diſpleaſure to our advantage.

I now began to cultivate a little field upon the hill. I caſt into the fertile earth ſome grains which I had preſerv'd from the produce of Autumn. I even enrich'd the land with ſeeds I had gather'd in the diſtant country. Nature, chance, or reflection often diſcover'd to me means to facilitate my labour. Often too ignorance of the ſeaſons, and of the proper ſoils for the different productions led me into errors. Frequently my imagination deceiv'd me, and I was diſappointed when I had high hopes that I had found the art of contracting my labours. I ſhould ſometimes have been without reſource, had not the gentle ſpirits who watch'd over

my happineſs condeſcended to enlighten me.

One morning as I caſt my eyes towards the altar, I beheld with awe the flame of the LORD burning over it. The riſing ſun gilded with his beams the aſcending ſmoke. Enraptur'd I called to my beloved, See, deareſt EVE, I cry'd; ſee the accompliſhment of the promiſe. Behold the ſacred flame is come down on our altar. Let us go to it immediately. Every labour muſt now ceaſe. I will, as the ALMIGHTY hath commanded, kill a young lamb. Haſte, my love, and chuſe the fineſt flowers to ſtrew the ſacrifice. I took the beſt of my flock: but, my children, it is impoſſible to give you a deſcription of what I felt, when I went to deprive the innocent animal of life. A trembling ſeiz'd my hand; I was ſcarce able to hold the ſtruggling victim, and never could I have brought myſelf to give it

death, had not my reſolution been animated by the expreſs command of the Author of Life. The very remembrance of its endeavours to eſcape gives me pain. When I beheld its quivering limbs in the laſt moments of its exiſtence, an univerſal tremor ſhook my own, and when it lay before me without ſenſe or motion, dreadful forebodings invaded my troubled ſoul. In obedience to the DIVINE command I laid the bleeding lamb on the altar, and EVE ſcatter'd on it odoriferous flowers. We then proſtrated ourſelves on the earth before it with reverence and fear, and offer'd up our humble praiſes to the GOD OF TRUTH, who had thus ſolemnly verifiy'd his promiſes. An awful ſilence reign'd around us, as if Nature celebrated the preſence of her GOD. In this perfect calm our raviſh'd ears were charm'd with the minſtrelſy of Heaven. The angels that hover'd over us join'd in our devout praiſes. The flames ſoon

conſum'd the ſacrifice, and on its extinction, which was ſudden, an aromatic odour defus'd itſelf through the far extended country.

A little after this ſolemn day of reconciliation, I was going at ſun-ſet to reſt myſelf after the fatigue of the day near my beloved. I aſcended the hill. I ſought for her in vain in our cottage. I look'd for her with anxiety in the ſhady bower. At length I found her pale and without ſtrength at the ſide of the ſpring, and thee, CAIN, my firſt-born, lying on her boſom. The pains of child-birth had ſeiz'd her while ſhe was employ'd in her ordinary labours near the brook. She was bedewing thine infant face with tears of joy. At ſight of me ſhe cry'd with a ſmile, I ſalute thee, father of men. The LORD hath aſſiſted me in the hour of diſtreſs: I have brought forth this ſon, to whom I have given the name of CAIN. O thou dear

firſt-born! ſaid ſhe: the LORD hath favourably regarded the hour of thy birth, may all thy days be conſecrated to his praiſe! How weak, how helpleſs is he that is born of woman? May'ſt thou, dear infant, riſe as a young flower in the ſpring! May thy life be a ſweet perfume offer'd up to heaven! I then took thee, my firſt-born, in my arms. I ſalute thee, ſaid I to EVE; I ſalute thee mother of men. The LORD be prais'd who hath aſſiſted thee in thy diſtreſs. I ſalute thee CAIN, firſt of human beings who gave pain to thy mother: firſt of the human race who enter'd into life to leave it by death. O GOD continued I, look down from thy throne, and regard with compaſſion this thy feeble creature. Shed thy gracious benediction on the morning of his life. It ſhall be my delightful taſk to inſtruct his young mind: I will ſhew him the miracles of thy grace: I will teach him the wonders of thy love. Morning and evening

his infant lips ſhall be taught to ſound forth thy praiſe. O deareſt EVE, mother of men, I cry'd in the tranſport of my heart, a race without number ſhall flouriſh around thee. This myrtle was, like thee, ſolitary, till the tender ſuccours ſprang from the maternal root. When mild ſprings ſhall cloathe it with new verdure the firſt ſhoots will produce others, and, in time, this ſingle myrtle ſhall form a little aromatic grove. In the ſame manner, (let this proſpect conſole thee in thy preſent weakneſs) in the ſame manner ſhall our offspring multiply around this eminence. We ſhall from its ſummit ſee their peaceful dwellings adorn the plain: we ſhall ſee them, if death delays its approach long enough to permit us----we ſhall ſee them lend each other mutual aſſiſtance, to gain the proviſions, the conveniences and the ſweets of life. Often will we deſcend from this hill to viſit our children's children, and under their fertile

ſhades will we recount the wonders of the LORD, and exhort them to piety and gratitude. When they taſte of joy, we will ſhare it with them. We will ſympathize in their griefs, and give them conſolation and advice. From the top of this aſcent we ſhall ſee----with gratitude and joy we ſhall ſee a thouſand altars ſmoke around. Their burnt offerings ſhall envelope us in ſacred clouds, through which our fervent prayer ſhall aſcend to the Great CREATOR, in behalf of the human race. And when the ſolemn day ſhall come, when the flame of Heaven ſhall deſcend upon the firſt and moſt holy altar, they ſhall aſſemble on this hill. We will lead them to ſacrifice, and in holy tranſport we ſhall behold the fruit of our loins form around us a vaſt circle of proſtrate worſhippers.

Thus, O CAIN! did I utter the ſweet effuſions of my heart. I kiſs'd thine

infant lips with the moſt tender joy. Thy mother then took thee in her enfeebled arms, when having aſſiſted her to riſe, I led her to our dwelling.

Strength and vigour ſoon began to animate thy little members. Laughter and gaiety ſparkled in thine eyes, and mirth play'd on thy cheeks. Already wert thou able to run with thy tender feet on the ſoft graſs and among the flowers: already thy little lips began to liſp forth thy infant thoughts, when EVE brought into the world MAHALA thy ſpouſe. Full of joy you ſkipp'd about the new-born, kiſs'd her, and cover'd her with flowers. EVE at length brought forth thee, O ABEL! and afterwards THIRZA, thy companion. With inexpreſſible joy we beheld your innocent pleaſures. Our delight encreas'd as we ſaw your young minds unfold themſelves, and arrive by little and little at maturity. We employ'd

our moſt attentive care to cultivate your mental powers, to direct your thoughts to worthy objects, that your lives might defuſe the agreeable odour of virtue. Thus a variety of flowers combin'd by art, form the fragrant noſegay. While you, my children, yet prattled on my knee, or chac'd each other through the grove in wanton play, I diſcover'd that man born in ſin needs cultivation, like the ſtubborn earth curs'd for our tranſgreſſion; and that vigilance and watchful care were neceſſary in the arduous taſk of forming the mind. "To teach the young idea how to ſhoot," to guard the pliant heart from the turbulence of the paſſions, to make the talents and noble inclinations of the ſoul bring forth their genuine fruits, virtue and piety, require all the teachers art----all the parents love.

I have now, my beloved children, the happineſs to ſee you arriv'd at your

full growth, as the tender plants are by the hand of Time transform'd into lofty and wide-ſpreading trees. Prais'd be the GOD of Heaven for his innumerable mercies! ador'd for ever be his name for his unmerited goodneſs! May you, my dear offspring, by your filial love, humble gratitude, and devout reverence, continue faithful to him; and may the grace and benediction of the MOST HIGH always reſt on your dwellings.

ADAM here finiſh'd his recital. A nymph united by the ſoft bands of HYMEN to her favourite ſwain, wanders with him in the early dawn. They hear the ſweet notes of the nightingale, while all is ſilence around. Her voice ſeems the echo of their own fond thoughts, and through their ſouls is defus'd a tender tranſport. The bird ceaſes her melody; but they ſtill liſten with the ear of expectation turn'd to-

wards the branches from whence ſhe chanted her nocturnal ſong. Thus though our general father ceas'd to ſpeak, his children remain'd fix'd in mute attention. The different ſcenes he had repreſented gave them various emotions: ſometimes the guſhing tear dropp'd from their eyes, at others a lively joy ſpread itſelf over their features. They all return'd their thanks to the father of men; CAIN render'd his as well as the others, but he alone had neither ſmil'd nor wept.

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK III.

ADAM having finiſh'd his relation, ABEL again tenderly embrac'd his brother, and they all left the bower, each pair taking their way to their ſeparate dwellings, while the moon's mild rays enlighten'd their ſteps. O my THIRZA, cry'd ABEL to his beloved, preſſing her hand, what exquiſite joy defuſes itſelf through my

ſoul! my brother is no longer eſtrang'd from me, he loves me: his moiſten'd cheek ſpoke his tenderneſs, while he gave me the fraternal embrace. How did my heart rejoice in the ſweet effuſion of his return'd affection! leſs delightful, leſs refreſhing, is the evening dew that falls on the parch'd earth, after it has been ſcorch'd by the ſun's burning rays. The furious tempeſt of his ſoul is calm'd, Peace and Love are return'd; they will again take up their abode in our humble cottages, and give new ſweets to every enjoyment. O Thou BENEFICENT BEING! who haſt with infinite goodneſs watch'd over our parents when they were the ſole inhabitants of this ſpacious earth, keep far from the heart of my beloved brother, every baleful and tormenting paſſion. May the ſtorm never return; but may tranquillity, gratitude and joy render every day delightful, like the paſt!

THIRZA, with delight in her countenance, ſaid, Our parents, my love, felt not more joy at the return of ſpring, after the rigours of the firſt winter, than they experienc'd when they ſaw the tears of reconciliation drop from the ſoften'd eyes of our brother. Our affectionate father, our fond mother ſeem'd in their tranſport, to have recover'd all the gaiety of youth, and every thing around us ſmil'd with new joy. Thus did this amiable and virtuous pair expreſs the ſweet ſenſations that fill'd their hearts.

MAHALA, CAIN's ſpouſe, obſerving that his brow ſtill wore the gloom of diſcontent, preſs'd his hand to her lips, and in a ſoft and tender accent, ſaid, Why my love doſt thou ſeem ſo cold, ſo inſenſible in the midſt of ſuch happineſs? Is the calm that is reſtor'd to thy ſoul incapable of enlivening thine eyes with tender joy? Cannot thy heart-felt ſatiſ-

faction render thy countenance ſerene? I ſhould fear the cloud of grief that has ſo long darken'd thy days, had render'd thee unable to taſte of joy, had I not beheld, beheld with ecſtatic delight, content and tranſport animate thine eyes, when thou gaveſt our brother the fraternal embrace. O my beloved! the ETERNAL from his throne on high, and the benevolent angels who ſurround us, ſaw with approbation the ſoft ſenſations that then fill'd thine heart. Suffer me, my deareſt ſpouſe, to preſs thee to my boſom; let my fondneſs again light up joy in thy countenance; mayſt thou loſe all thy cares in this ſweet embrace!

CAIN reſiſted not the tender careſſes of his ſpouſe; but reply'd, Your joy, your exceſſive joy gives me offence. Yes, I am diſpleas'd: Does not your tranſports ſay, CAIN is corrected? he was before a man vicious and wicked--

he hated his brother?--I was not wicked --Whence aroſe ſo ſtrange an idea? Muſt I hate my brother, becauſe I was not always weeping over him, or perſecuting him with my embraces?---I never hated my brother---No, never. I ſaw indeed with pain, that he, by his ſoftneſs and effeminacy, ſtole from me the affection of ADAM and EVE---Could I be inſenſible to this? But MAHALA, it is not without cauſe, that ſorrow hangs on my brow. What imprudence in our father to recount to us the hiſtory of his ſhameful fall, and all the diſaſters of which he and EVE are the cauſe! What need was there for us to know, and be ſo often told, that it was their fault that loſt us all the delights of Paradiſe, and render'd us unhappy? Were we ignorant of this, our miſeries would be more ſupportable, and we ſhould not deplore the want of enjoyments of which we could then have no idea.

MAHALA ſtifled in her heart remonſtrances and complaints, and carefully read her huſband's eyes, to ſee if ſhe might venture a reply. Then mildly anſwer'd, Suffer me, I conjure thee, my beloved, to weep; for I cannot reſtrain my tears. Suffer me to implore thee for thyſelf. I beſeech thee to drive far from thee this gloomy melancholy, that is again beginning to over-cloud thy ſoul. Thou canſt, I know, my love, thou canſt diſperſe it, and reſtore to thy heart peace and ſerenity. Let not thy troubled imagination always preſent to thy view ſubjects of miſery and grief, where thou oughteſt to behold divine benignity and grace. O CAIN! why ſhould we blame our affectionate parents for relating to us, the wonders GOD has done for fallen man! They would excite in our ſouls a lively gratitude and firm confidence. They are keenly ſenſible of every thing that can be a ſubject of pain and grief

to us, and 'tis barbarity to reproach them with our misery. Rise my love, I entreat thee, rise superior to the vexations that would again intrude themselves into thine heart, and obscure our days with gloomy sadness. She said no more, but gave her husband a tender glance, while her eyes swam in tears.

The smile of affection now temper'd the austerity of CAIN's countenance, and he reply'd, as he embrac'd MAHALA, I will, my dear, surmount the vexations that would gain an empire over me. I will not obscure thy days or mine with unavailing sorrow.

ANAMELECH, one of the inferior spirits of Hell, had observ'd the behaviour and discourse of CAIN. He had seen with malicious joy, the signs of envy and wrath in his ruffled features. This malignant dæmon, though of the

loweſt order among the rebel angels, did not yield in pride and ambition to SATAN, the archapoſtate. Often while in Hell he retir'd from his companions, whom he deſpis'd: Often he remain'd in ſolitude among the infected rivers of ſulphur that flow'd through the burning land; or ſtray'd alone on the enormous rocks whoſe ſummits were hid in ſtormy clouds. There in ſecret he repin'd at his ignoble indolence, while the blue flames reflected from the tops of the mountains, caſt an obſcure and horrid light on the path made by his wandering feet. But when Hell with tumultuous roar, celebrated the praiſes and triumphs of her king, who, on his return from the terreſtrial globe, elate with pride, recounted how he had ſeduc'd our general anceſtors, and boaſted his having forc'd the ETERNAL to pronounce againſt them the decree of death and wretchedneſs, then the black venom of Envy ſwell'd the rancourous breaſt of

ANAMELECH. Muſt SATAN, he cry'd to himſelf, though accurs'd, enjoy in Hell triumphs and praiſe while; I, unnotic'd rove in obſcurity through the dark corners of theſe gloomy regions, or am confounded among the vile croud who with ſervile ſhouts aggrandiſe him, and hail him victor? No: I feel myſelf equally capable of noble daring, I will aſtoniſh my compeers. I will force Hell's fierce monarch to pronounce my name with reſpect. Actuated by the proſpect of riſing to diſtinguiſh'd greatneſs among the infernals, he meditated baleful projects, and nouriſh'd in ſolitude inveterate hatred to the human race. His black mind form'd various ſchemes for their deſtruction, and his horrid deſigns ſucceeded but too well. The miſeries of ADAM's offspring render'd the name of this vile dæmon great among the diabolical powers of the fiery deep. He it was who, after a ſucceſſion of ages, incited a cruel king to

maſſacre the infants of Bethlehem. He ſaw with a malignant ſmile, men, barbarous as the out-caſts of Heaven, diſplay a ſavage rage againſt thoſe innocents. He receiv'd an horrid pleaſure, while he beheld their little limbs daſh'd againſt the ſtones, which their ſpouting veins ſtain'd with blood. He was delighted to ſee them ſtabb'd and diſmember'd in the arms of their diſtracted mothers. He hover'd with cruel ſatisfaction over that unfortunate city. The cries of thoſe tender victims were to him agreeable melody. He fed with eager joy on the heart-rending complaints of their inconſolable mothers. The mangled limbs of infants trampled under the feet of their ſavage murderers, was to him a pleaſing ſight, and he felt an helliſh tranſport, when he beheld their fond parents proſtrate on the earth, in all the bitterneſs of anguiſh, tearing their hair, and beating their breaſts

diſtain'd with the blood of their guiltleſs offspring.

This relentleſs fiend revolving in his gloomy breaſt the actions of Hell's fell monarch, diſdain'd ignoble ſloth. I will aſcend, ſaid he; I will aſcend to earth. I'll know the import of the ſentence, Man ſhall die. I will accelerate his doom--I will kill. He then with haſty ſtride paſs'd through the gate of Hell. He mark'd and trod the footſteps the archfiend had trac'd through ancient Night, and the tumultuous empire of Chaos. Thus a brigantine equipp'd for theft, ſteers with full ſail through the immenſe ſea, and ſtopping on the coaſt of Heſperia, ſurprizes the tranquil inhabitants of ſome peaceful village; ſeizes the active youth, while fathers, mothers, brothers, ſiſters, and inconſolable wives, lament on the ſhore, purſuing with their weeping eyes the ra-

viſhers, who with out-ſpreading ſails ſoon eſcape from ſight.

The deteſtable ANAMELECH long flew with rapidity through the gloomy empire of Night, till at length he perceiv'd a faint light on the frontiers of the created univerſe. As a malefactor meditating ſome horrid murder in the ſhade and ſilence of the night, proceeds to execute his bloody purpoſe, through the gloom towards the city, and finds it on all ſides illuminated, is ſtruck with fear, and would gladly hide himſelf from every eye, thus the impure ſpirit was agitated with terror, while he travers'd the immenſe ſphere which ſurrounded the earth. On his arrival on this globe, his piercing eye ſoon diſcover'd the abode of man, and he alighted in the ſhady grove.

Here then, ſaid he, dwells man, Heaven's new favourite. This earth is

curs'd, and far unlike the ſmiling garden where he firſt was plac'd. Delightful ſpot! now guarded by the flaming ſword; for I beheld it while I hovered o'er the earth. This they have loſt; but what is left them is not Hell. Perhaps by plaintive ſupplications they have ſoften'd the anger of their GOD: For did not Hell ſtill follow me from place to place: did I not bear within myſelf an Hell, I might, for ought I ſee, be happy here: but poſſibly their groſſer bodies may be ſubject to pains, to griefs, unknown to ethereal ſubſtances. Ah! I ſee ſome of the heavenly hoſt plac'd as guardians over man, though under malediction. I muſt elude their care, eſcape their attention, or all my deſigns will be render'd abortive, and I ſhall become the ſport, rather than the admiration of SATAN, and the ſycophants who ſurround his throne. Yonder is the family of ſinners: but I ſee no ſigns of miſery: their evils, perhaps, commence

not till death. I'll know. If their hearts are open to ſeduction, I will, by my wiles, engage them in new crimes that may accelerate their puniſhment. SATAN ſucceeded by an eaſy artifice with the chiefs of this family, while they were yet perfect. Now they are degraded by ſin, and the curſe of their GOD, can it be harder to ſubvert them? No, I ſhall induce them to commit actions ſo black, that their heavenly guardians ſhall quit the earth with horror, and he who created them ſhall by his thunder exterminate the ungrateful race, or precipitate them into the burning lake; then on our ſcorching banks we ſhall taſte of joy; ſhall triumph, while we behold theſe worthy inhabitants of this new world rolling in flames of ſulphur, curſing their exiſtence, and their ALMIGHTY MAKER. Ah!---I ſee one of them bears on his brow the marks of ſullen diſcontent. He has a ferocity in his looks that gives

me hopes. My firſt effort ſhall be on him. His companion weeps.---I will learn the cauſe of her tears.

The malevolent ſpirit, impervious to human ſight, follow'd CAIN and his ſpouſe meditating ſeduction and murder. When they were retir'd to their dwelling, the impure dæmon repeated after them, in malicious mockery. Riſe ſuperior to the vexations that intrude themſelves into thine heart! Drive far from thee theſe clouds of melancholy that would obſcure thy days! Then quitting irony to give utterance to the infernal malice by which he was agitated; No, ſaid he, what is good ſhall never take root in thine ungrateful heart: I will deſtroy it. Thoſe clouds of melancholy thou would'ſt diſperſe, ſhall be re-aſſembled over thy head, thick and black as thoſe which ſurround with eternal darkneſs the ſummits of the infernal mountains. My taſk will

be no hard one. Thou thyſelf laboureſt to aſſemble them. I have only to aſſiſt thee: it will be to me a pleaſing taſk to ſecond thine own efforts. Yes, I will accumulate them on thy brow, deſolation and miſery yet unknown to the human race, ſhall find entrance among mortals: thy days ſhall be fill'd with horror and darkneſs, and theſe darlings of Heaven ſhall taſte the cup of wrath pour'd forth for angels.

Chearful dawn again began to gild the horizon, inſpiring ſongs and gaiety, when CAIN with his inſtruments of huſbandry was going to the field. ABEL had already given him the ſalute of the morning, and was conducting his flocks to paſtures ſtill moiſt with the dew of the night. MAHALA and THIRZA were advancing hand-in-hand towards the garden which ſurrounded the altar. They ſtopt to ſalute their brothers, when EVE came to them from her ca-

bin with geſtures of deſolation --- Both were ſeiz'd with inquietude and concern, and approaching her, cry'd out with emotion, O my mother! You weep. --- Why weep you? EVE at this queſtion redoubled her tears, then endeavouring to ſtifle her grief, ſhe giving them a look of affection, ſaid, while her words were interrupted by ſighs, Alas! my children, have you not heard dreadful groans come from our dwelling? The ſharpeſt pains this night have ſeiz'd your father, and he now ſtruggles with ſome diſeaſe that ſeems to penetrate even to his bones. He endeavours to conceal his anguiſh. He would prevent the ſighs that eſcape from my heart. He ſuppreſſes his complaints, and ſtrives to conſole me. But O my children! the moſt poignant grief has taken poſſeſſion of my ſoul, and my tortur'd heart refuſes all conſolation. When he repoſes in moſt tranquility, he ſeems loſt in reflection: an inſtant after he groans

with agony: a cold ſweat covers his face, and the tears he had reſtrain'd burſt in a torrent from his eyes. O my dear children! dreadful apprehenſions oppreſs my heart. Support me my daughters, ſupport your unhappy mother, ſinking under the weight of affliction. Let us go to your father. EVE, follow'd by her lamenting children, return'd to her ſpouſe, weeping and leaning on the ſhoulder of MAHALA.

Fill'd with ſorrow, they ſurrounded the bed of the ſick. ADAM then lay tranquil. His countenance and geſtures diſcover'd, that in ſpite of ſuffering and pain, his ſoul was maſter of itſelf. He caſt on his afflicted children a look of parental tenderneſs. He even gave them a ſmile of affection, and ſaid, The hand of the ALMIGHTY, my beloved offſpring, is on me. My entrails are torn with anguiſh: but prais'd be the LORD, who regulates all by unerring wiſdom!

Perhaps he has ordain'd theſe pains to unlooſe the bands that unite my ſoul to this frail body. If it is now to return to the duſt of which it was form'd, I ſubmit. I adore the diſpenſations of my MAKER, and wait with reſignation and love the fatal hour. I will praiſe Thee, the SOVEREIGN OF LIFE AND DEATH, till this union is diſſolv'd: my ſoul ſhall then, deliver'd from its veſture of earth, offer Thee more elevated praïſe. O GOD OF CONSOLATION! deign to be my ſupport. Teach me to endure with patience my preſent pain, in firm hope of future happineſs. But, above all, forſake me not, O my MAKER! forſake not an expiring ſinner in the diſtreſsful hour of death! Abandon me not when my ſoul is diſmay'd by the laſt tremblings of nature!

He then caſt his languid eyes on our general mother, who was weeping at his ſide, And thou EVE, ſaid he, whom

I love as myſelf, and you, my dear children, add not to my griefs by your ſorrow and tears. How cruelly does your affliction diſtreſs me! Ceaſe, my beloved, ceaſe theſe ſighs, and theſe lamentations. Perhaps the LORD may remove the terrors of his hand, and death may yet be at a diſtance. Perhaps I may again, even on earth, taſte joy and gladneſs. I wait the good pleaſure of my GOD, and reſign myſelf to his will. Do you alſo, my dear children, and you my tender ſpouſe, acquieſce with ſubmiſſion and devout gratitude in the Divine appointments. Accuſtom yourſelves before hand to reflect with holy reſignation, on the inſtant when it ſhall pleaſe the ALMIGHTY to ſtrip off this garment of earth, and take me from you. The father of mankind ceas'd to ſpeak. Sharp pangs again ſeiz'd him, and he could only utter ſighs and groans.

When his agonies were abated he regarded all about him with ſilent attention; but his looks were more particularly fix'd on EVE, who ſeem'd overwhelm'd by her deep diſtreſs: her ſorrows augmented thoſe of her huſband, and to conſole her, he again reſum'd his diſcourſe: Alas! ſaid he, the death experienc'd by the firſt ſinner will doubtleſs have ſomething frightful in it, to thoſe who ſhall behold it: but it will be more terrible ſtill to him who ſhall be the victim. May that Merciful GOD, who has never abandon'd us in our diſtreſs ſuccour me in that dreadful hour!---He will do it---his paſt mercies are pledges that he will. As for you, my children, added he, go---leave me---reſign me to the will of the LORD. Pray for me with fervor. This dreadful criſis may perhaps end in a ſweet ſleep, that may reſtore vigour to my enfeebled members.

ADAM was ſilent. His children ſtoop'd to kiſs his trembling hand. Yes, my father, they cry'd, we will proſtrate ourſelves before the LORD. We will ſupplicate that ſweet repoſe may repair thy ſtrength exhauſted by ſuffering. O may our prayer be accepted! may the LORD remove from thee theſe pains by which thou art now tormented!

With hearts pierc'd with grief they left the cottage. EVE only remain'd. I would ſleep, ſaid ADAM, addreſſing himſelf to his wife, who ſat near his bed ſuffus'd in tears. Why my beloved doſt thou give way to thy grief? thy tenderneſs by encreaſing my pain, may chaſe repoſe far from me. At length he wrapt his face in the ſkins which cover'd him, to conceal from his companion the diſtreſs and inquietude of his mind. Is this, ſaid he, to himſelf ---is this that hour ſo full of horror? I fear it is. Great GOD how terrible!

---Abandon me not, O my MAKER! forſake not in the laſt agony an expiring ſinner. How ſweet would be my conſolations, even in death, if theſe ſufferings, theſe fears, would exempt my unhappy offspring from the conſequences of the curſe pronounc'd on them for my ſin!---But no---the ſame horrors will terrify, the ſame veil of darkneſs will extend over all born of woman. From a trunk empoiſon'd by ſin, what can be produced but ſinners?---ſinners ſubject to death?---I have kill'd all my poſterity. All, like me, muſt be torn from thoſe they love---from thoſe whoſe tenderneſs ſoften'd and endear'd life, and gave it all its delights. O EVE! O ſpouſe tender and dear! what anguiſh will rend thine heart! What tears wilt thou ſhed over my ſenſeleſs duſt! Frightful proſpect! Will not my inanimate clay tremble, when the orphan left without ſupport, ſhall lament the loſs of its father ſnatch'd

away by Death in the midſt of his courſe. Or when decripid parents ſhall be depriv'd of their ſons, who were the comfort and ſupport of their declining age. When ſiſters ſhall water with their tears the dead bodies of their brothers: the wife that of the huſband: the lover that of the object belov'd. Spare then my memory, O my children! Curſe not my peaceful duſt. It is juſt that the weight of the curſe ſhould fall on the laſt hour; the hour that tears us from this life of ſin. Death when he divides the ſoul from its covering of clay, will alſo draw it from a ſtate of malediction. If notwithſtanding the little power its degradation has left it, it has ſtruggled againſt vice, and endeavour'd to raiſe itſelf to virtue, it ſhall enjoy never ending happineſs in the regions of immortality. Ye ought not then, O mine offspring! to execrate my aſhes. Our abode on earth is not properly life: 'tis but the dawn of life:

a troubleſome dream. Oppreſs me not then, ye mountains of grief! 'Tis by dying I ſhall revive. I wait for that inſtant, firmly relying on the mercies of my GOD! Such were the thoughts of ADAM, when a ſweet ſleep overpower'd his ſenſes.

EVE ſat drown'd in ſorrow by the bed of her ſleeping huſband, and, in a low voice, fearing to diſturb his repoſe, vented the anguiſh of her heart. What evils do I experience? ſaid ſhe. O Curſe, the conſequence of ſin! let thy burthen reſt on me, I was the firſt ſinner. Let a double weight of woe fall on my wretched head. It is juſt, I was the firſt offender. Ah! 'tis already on me. All the griefs, all the diſtreſſes of my huſband, of my unhappy offſpring flow from me. Their pains, their ſorrows are ſo many gnawing worms that prey on me. O my ſpouſe! if thou dyeſt---How I tremble

at the idea! a general ſhivering ſeizes me; the cold ſweat trickles down my face. Can the horrors of death be more dreadful? If thou art going to die for my fault, O ADAM! If theſe agonies are to unlooſe the bands of life! hate me not. Add not to my inſupportable miſeries, thine anger. And ye, my children, curſe not your unhappy mother. Guilty as I am, I deſerve your pity. Ye upbraid me not, 'tis true; but, alas! every ſigh, every tear awakes my keen remorſe, and is to me a cutting reproach. O GOD ALMIGHTY! lend an ear to my plantive ſupplications, and remove his ſufferings: or if they are the forerunners of death; if his body muſt now return to the duſt, terrifying thought! ſeparate us not: let me die with him. Suffer my ſoul to retire firſt, that I may not behold his laſt pangs. I was the firſt ſinner. EVE ceas'd to ſpeak, and remain'd inconſo-

lable, weeping by the ſide of her huſband.

CAIN, in ſpight of the roughneſs of his temper, had ſhed tears at the groans and diſcourſe of his father. He went into the fields when he left the cottage, and thus expreſs'd his concern: I could not help weeping when I was near the bed of my father; yet I hope he will not die. GOD grant that this good parent, whom I love, may not die. Yes, I could not help weeping: but yet I am not drown'd in ſorrow like my brother. Before I ſhed tears, on all occaſions, I muſt loſe my natural firmneſs, and become like him ſoft and effeminate. Will they ſtill ſay, that I am of a ſavage diſpoſition? At leaſt they'll imagine that ABEL loves ADAM better than I, becauſe I cannot weep like him. I love my father: he is as dear to me as he is to my brother: but I cannot command my tears to flow.

ABEL, penetrated with ſorrow, went into his paſtures. He proſtrated himſelf on the earth; he bent his head on the graſs, which he moiſten'd with his tears, and addreſs'd this prayer to the ALMIGHTY.

With the moſt profound humility, I would praiſe Thee, O my GOD! Thou conducteſt the affairs of mortals with unerring wiſdom, and infinite goodneſs. Though depreſs'd by grief, I dare preſume to offer up to Thee my ſupplications; for Thou haſt permitted the ſinner to implore Thy mercy. Thine unmerited goodneſs has allow'd us this ſweet conſolation, in the midſt of the evils which ſurround us. I ought not, I do not hope, that Thou wilt change the purpoſes of Thy wiſdom, in compliance with the deſires of a plaintive worm. Thy ways, O GRACIOUS GOD! are wiſe and good. To thy will I reſign myſelf, ſupplicating only for

ſtrength to ſuffer, and for conſolation in our pain. Thou knoweſt, O OMNISCIENT GOD! Thou knoweſt the deſires, the ardent wiſhes of my ſoul. If theſe deſires, if theſe wiſhes are not contrary to the deſigns of thine infinite wiſdom, reſtore us our common parent; ----reſtore to our afflicted mother, the huſband for whom ſhe ſupplicates Thee ----reſtore her him in whom her life is bound up, and whoſe loſs would render her wretched----reſtore to us, his ſorrowing children, a father tenderly belov'd. Defer, O GOD Merciful and Gracious! defer, if it be thy will, his death to a more diſtant period. Speak, O GOD! and it is done: command and it is accompliſh'd. At thy nod our evils will diſappear, and joy and gladneſs, thankſgivings and praiſe will reſound from the humble habitations of ſinners. Permit him who gave us life, to remain yet longer with us. Spare him, that he may ſtill declare to us

Thine infinite bounties, and teach our infant children to liſp forth Thy praiſe. But if Thine unerring wiſdom has appointed this the time of his diſſolution; be not offended, O my MAKER! with this exceſs of our grief. Pardon the diſorder of my words. If he muſt now die, lend him, O GOD of Compaſſion! ----lend him thine aſſiſtance in the terrible hour of death, and mercifully forgive our cries and groans. Moderate, by Thy divine conſolations, our affliction, that we may not offend Thee by our deſpair.

Such was the prayer of ABEL. He was ſtill proſtrate on the earth, from which a diſtant ſound rous'd him. Sweet odours were wafted around, and before him ſtood a guardian angel reſplendent in beauty. On his ſerene brow he wore a coronet of roſes, and his ſmile was gracious as the opening day. He ſaid, with a voice mild as the

breath of the zephyrs, The LORD hath lent a gracious ear, O ABEL! to the voice of thy ſupplications. He hath granted thee the deſires of thine heart. He hath commanded me to aſſume a body, and to bring thee conſolation and ſuccour. The ETERNAL who inceſſantly watches over his creatures; who regards with an eye of beneficence the crawling inſect, as well as the archangel array'd in glory, hath order'd this earth to produce in its boſom ſalutary remedies for the diſeaſes of its inhabitants, whoſe bodies, by the fall, are expos'd to pain and ſickneſs, which ſhall by degrees lead them to death and to corruption, the ſad conſequences of having diſobey'd their MAKER. Friend, take theſe plants, and theſe flowers, they are ſpecifics to reſtore health to thy father: boil them in the clear water of the fountain; let him drink, and be whole.

The angel having given him the ſalutary herbs diſappear'd. Struck with inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment, he remain'd ſome time immovable: then breath'd the devout gratitude of his ſoul in this ſhort ejaculation: What am I, O GOD? what am I? that thou ſhould'ſt thus graciouſly regard my prayer. I am but ſinful duſt and aſhes. I would praiſe thee, O my GOD! but Thy bounties exceed all praiſe. The triumphant archangel cannot ſufficiently exalt Thy name, yet Thou haſt deign'd to accept the ſupplications of a worm.

His lively joy lent him wings. He ran to his cottage, and with eager impatience prepar'd the odoriferous dilution. This perform'd, he flew to his father. EVE was ſtill bath'd in tears, and her daughters ſat penſive by her ſide. They ſaw with ſurprize his eagerneſs, the joy which ſparkled in his eyes, and the ſmile which ſat on his

lips. Dry up your tears, my beloved, ſaid he, as he enter'd. Weep no more, O my mother! the LORD hath heard our prayers, he hath ſent us ſuccour. An angel hath appear'd to me in the paſtures. He hath given me aromatic herbs and flowers gather'd by his celeſtial hand. Boil theſe, ſaid he, in clear water, and reſtore health to thy father. They heard his words with aſtoniſhment, and render'd thanks to the LORD, with gratitude and humble confidence. The ſick drank the healing draught, and ſoon experienc'd its ſalutary effects. ADAM now rais'd himſelf on his bed, and with ardent piety offer'd up his adorations; then taking the hand of ABEL, he preſs'd it to his cheek, and wetted it with tears of joy, ſaying, O my ſon! bleſſed be thou! thou by whom GOD hath ſent me ſuccour: thou whoſe virtue pleaſeth the LORD: thou whoſe prayer he accepts, and hath vouchſaf'd to anſwer. I again bleſs thee, my ſon!

my beloved ſon! EVE and her daughters then embrac'd him by whom the LORD had ſent them ſuccour.

CAIN at this inſtant enter'd the dwelling of his father, while in the field he had been tormented with care and anxiety. I will return, ſaid he to himſelf; I will return to my father: perhaps he needs my aſſiſtance. Perhaps he is already dead, and I have not receiv'd a laſt bleſſing from his lips. I will haſten to him. I love my father.

On his entering, he ſaw with amazement their joy. He heard ADAM bleſs his brother. MAHALA, his wife, ran to him, and embracing him, ſaid, The LORD, my beloved, hath ſent us ſuccour by the hand of ABEL. CAIN approach'd the bed of ADAM, and kiſſing his hand, ſaid, I ſalute thee, O my father! Prais'd be GOD who reſtores thee to our tears;

but, O my father, have you no bleſſing for me? You have bleſs'd my brother, by whom the LORD ſent you help: bleſs me alſo----me your firſt-born. ADAM giving him a look of affection, and preſſing his hand between both his, ſaid, I give thee my bleſſing, O CAIN! Be bleſs'd of GOD, O my firſt-born! May the favour of the LORD reſt always on thee. May thine heart enjoy tranquility, and peace, and thy ſoul uninterrupted repoſe. CAIN then embrac'd his brother. How could he avoid it? all had embrac'd him.

CAIN left his father's dwelling; but it was to retire into the gloomy receſſes of a thick grove, where oppreſs'd with melancholy he repeated after ADAM, Peace and tranquility---- an uninterrupted repoſe---- How can I enjoy this tranquility?----- Where ſhall I find this repoſe? Was I not forc'd to petition for a bleſſing, while his affection

made him unaſk'd pour forth his ſoul in bleſſings on my happy brother? He has allow'd me my rank of firſt-born, What advantage to me is this ſuperiority? Miſery is my inheritance; diſdain my portion. It is by the hand of ABEL, the LORD has reſtor'd health to our father. I am rejected. The bright meſſengers of Heaven appear not to me: they paſs me with contempt: they honour me not with their regards. While I ſpend my ſtrength in the labours of the field: while the ſweat drops from my face embrown'd by the ſcorching ſun, the angels hold converſe with him whoſe delicate hands are unſoil'd by labour; who lies idle near his flocks, or with unmanly ſoftneſs is ſhedding tears becauſe the ſhining dew glitters on the graſs and herbage, or the ſetting-ſun tinges the clouds with purple. Happy favourite! All nature ſmiles on thee. I only feel the curſe: I only eat my bread by the

ſweat of my brow. The whole weight of the divine malediction falls on my wretched head. I am in every thing unhappy. Thus revolving in his melancholy brain gloomy ideas, the offspring of Hatred and Envy, he wander'd in the thick ſhade.

The ſun was retiring behind the azure mountains, and reflected on the clouds a glowing red, when ADAM ſaid to his wife, I will, my beloved, before the day is clos'd render thanks to GOD, who hath reſtor'd my health. He left his bed, full of ſtrength and vigour, and repair'd, accompany'd by his daughters, to the entrance of his cottage. The departing ſun defus'd a mild light over the fields: ADAM caſt himſelf on his knees, and view'd with tranſport the country thus enlighten'd. Here am I, ſaid he, with fervent effuſion of heart-----here am I my SOVEREIGN MASTER, proſtrate before thy face, penetrated with a lively

ſenſe of thine infinite goodneſs. Ye agonizing pangs what are become of you? Ye pierc'd my bones, ye ſcorch'd my vitals; yet in the midſt of anguiſh my ſoul loſt not her hope; ſhe plac'd her confidence in GOD, and was not diſappointed. The ALMIGHTY lent a gracious ear to the groans and cries of a ſinner: He regarded the voice of a worm. Health return'd: Pain and Sorrow were no more. Death ſhall not yet triumph over my duſt: I ſhall ſtill praiſe my MAKER, in this habitation of clay, this houſe of corruption. I will praiſe Thee, O my GOD! I will praiſe Thee from the early dawn to the riſing of the evening ſtar. While my ſoul is confin'd in this body of earth, it ſhall ſtammer forth its gratitude; but it will praiſe Thee in more exalted ſtrains when diſengag'd from this obſtructing duſt, it ſhall riſe triumphant and refin'd; it ſhall then behold Thee face to face, array'd in all the luſtre of Thy magnificence. O ye angels re-

ſplendent in light! caſt your eyes on this dwelling of ſinners, this abode of death. The earth ſhook from its foundations when it became defil'd by ſin, and its ALMIGHTY MAKER turn'd from it his regards. Yet, on this earth he now diſplays the wonders of his love. Attune your golden harps to his praiſe. Exalt his name in ſeraphic ſtrains, while man, weak man, can only liſp his rapture. I ſalute thee, O ſun! I ſalute thy retiring beams. When thy morning rays enlighten'd theſe fields, I groan'd oppreſs'd by pain: when they illumin'd my dwelling, I ſaluted them with my ſighs: ere they have given place to the grey twilight, I am returning thanks to the LORD OF LIFE who hath remov'd my griefs. I ſalute you, ye lofty mountains, and ye hills ſcatter'd over the plain; mine eyes ſhall ſtill behold reflected from your ſummits, the glowing brightneſs of the riſing and the ſetting-ſun. I ſalute you,

O ye birds, who chant the praiſes of the ETERNAL, your ſongs ſhall ſtill recreate mine ear. Ye limpid ſtreams, I ſhall again repoſe my weary limbs on your flowery banks; again be lull'd to reſt by your ſoft murmurs; and ye groves, ye bowers, ye woods, I ſhall ſtill walk under your refreſhing ſhades; ye ſhall again ſhield me from the ſun's too ardent ray, when wrapt in profound meditation, I ſhall wander in your fragrant retreats. I ſalute thee, O nature entire; but I worſhip and adore only nature's GOD, who ſupported my vile clay when ready to crumble into duſt.

The father of men thus prais'd the LORD, while the whole creation appear'd attentive to his prayer, and ſeem'd to felicitate his return to life. The glorious orb of day darted on him its laſt rays. The young zephyrs wafted on their ambroſial wings the

aromatic perfumes of the groves and gardens, as if charg'd by the flowers to exhale their ſweets to him. The feather'd inhabitants of the woods ſaluted him with their ſofteſt notes, as actuated by a lively joy.

CAIN and ABEL came under the ſhade while ADAM was yet on his knees. They ſaw with delight their father reſtor'd to health. The prayer ended, ADAM aroſe from the earth, he embrac'd and receiv'd the embraces of his tranſported children: he kiſs'd with fond affection the moiſten'd cheek of our general mother, after which, he, EVE and their daughters return'd to their dwelling. ABEL then addreſſing himſelf to CAIN, ſaid, Let us alſo, my dear brother, render thanks to GOD MOST HIGH, who has reſtor'd to our tears our affectionate father. I will by the light of the moon, which is now riſing, offer on mine altar a young

lamb, Wilt not thou alſo on thine altar make an offering?

CAIN giving him a gloomy and angry look ſaid, Yes. I will preſent an offering to the LORD of what my barren fields afford. ABEL with graceful ſweetneſs reply'd, O my brother! the LORD our GOD counts as nothing the lamb which burns before him, neither doth he regard the fruits of the field which the fire conſumes. 'Tis the ardent piety that flames in the heart of the worſhipper that gives the offering all its value.

CAIN return'd, the fire of Heaven will perhaps conſume thy victim; for by thee the LORD ſent health to our father---I am diſdain'd. However, I will make my offering. I am, as well as thee, penetrated with gratitude. Our father, who is reſtor'd to our wiſhes, is equally dear to me, as to thee. Let the LORD

do with me, miſerable worm! according to his good pleaſure.

ABEL tenderly threw himſelf on the neck of CAIN, ſaying, Ah my brother, my dear brother! doſt thou make the LORD's having ſent by my hand relief to our father a new ſubject of diſcontent? I was charg'd with this commiſſion for us all. All pray'd to the LORD: the prayers of all were anſwer'd. Baniſh from thy boſom, my dear brother! ---Let me intreat thee, to baniſh for ever, theſe gloomy ideas. The LORD, who ſeeth into the inmoſt receſſes of our ſouls, can diſcover there unjuſt thoughts, and ſecret murmurs. Love me, as I love thee. Offer thine offering; but ſuffer it not to be defil'd by any impure diſpoſitions. May the LORD, O my brother! favourably accept thy praiſes, and graciouſly ſhed his bleſſings on thee.

CAIN anſwer'd not; but walk'd towards his field, and ABEL looking after him with a pitying eye, repair'd to his paſtures. Each advanc'd to his altar. ABEL ſlew a young lamb; laid it on his altar, ſcatter'd on it odoriferous herbs and flowers, and put fire to the offering, then warm'd with fervent piety, proſtrated himſelf before it, and with humble gratitude prais'd the LORD. The flame roſe on high through the gloom of night, and enlighten'd the fields and paſtures. The LORD forbad the winds to blow, becauſe the ſacrifice was acceptable.

CAIN laid on his altar the fruits of the field; put fire to the offering, and alſo proſtrated himſelf before it. Inſtantly a terrific ſound was heard among the buſhes. A furious whirlwind advanc'd towards the altar; diſpers'd the offering of CAIN, and cover'd him with flame and ſmoke. He retir'd

trembling, when a majeſtic voice proceeding from the darkneſs, utter'd theſe awful words, Why trembleſt thou? Why is pale fear ſeen on thy viſage? There is yet time: correct thyſelf: repent, and I will pardon thy ſin: if thou doſt not, thy crime and its chaſtiſement ſhall purſue thee for ever. Why hateſt thou thy brother? He loves thee: he honours thee, with true affection.

CAIN ſeiz'd with horror, quitted the place of ſacrifice, a tempeſtuous wind driving after him the infected ſmoke of the offering. Appall'd with terror, he wander'd through the darkneſs. His heart trembled within him; and a cold ſweat ran down his face. Caſting his eyes around, he beheld the bright flame of his brother's ſacrifice riſing in the air in ſpiry waves. At this view, he turn'd aſide his head, and gnaſhing his teeth, cry'd, Ah! there's the ſacrifice of the favourite! Fly, mine eyes, this

hateful ſight. Another look would fill my ſoul with all the rage of the infernals. I cannot help curſing in my heart, this darling of Heaven and of all Nature.---I cannot help curſing him with trembling lips.---But turn, unhappy wretch, turn thy fury on thyſelf. Come, O death, O deſtruction come, and put a period to my miſeries and my life! Why, O my father, didſt thou ſuffer thyſelf to be ſeduc'd? Why, O my mother, didſt thou intail miſeries on thy wretched offspring? Shall I preſent myſelf before ye, in the horrors of my deſpair? Shall my agonies, my terrors, my inſupportable wretchedneſs, ſhew you the diſtreſſes your fatal lapſe prepar'd for your deſcendants? Ah! no. Revenge not, unhappy man---revenge not thyſelf on a father, by bringing before his eyes a ſpectacle of ſuch horror. Seiz'd with terror, he would expire in my ſight, and I ſhould, if poſſible, be ſtill more wretched. The

wrath of the LORD lies heavy on me. He has curſed me. He diſdains mine offering. I am the moſt deſolate creature on the face of the earth. The animals of the field, the reptiles of the ground, compar'd with me, are worthy of envy. O MERCIFUL GOD! if it be poſſible, extend thine indulgence to me. Turn from me, O GOD! Thy fierce anger; or again reduce me to nothing.---But what do I ſay? Oh hard obdurate heart! Correct thyſelf, he hath ſaid, and I will pardon thy paſt offences! Chuſe pardon or miſery!---miſery eternal!---miſery inexpreſſible! Yes, I have ſinn'd: Mine iniquities riſe above my head: they cry for vengeance. Thou art juſt, O GOD! Thy vengeance is alſo juſt. The farther we ſtray from the path of perfection and wiſdom, the farther we ſtray from happineſs. I muſt then be guilty, ſince I am unhappy. I will forſake

theſe ways of perverſeneſs. Turn Thine eyes, O GOD, from my paſt offences: Preſerve me from committing new ones. Take pity on me, O my GOD! or --- reduce me to nothing.

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK IV.

THE air was yet moiſt with the dew of night; the birds ſtill ſlept in ſilence; the ſun had not begun to gild the tops of the hills, or the hovering fogs of the morning, yet CAIN diſtreſs'd and melancholy, had left his cottage. MAHALA, unknowing ſhe was over-heard, had wept and pray'd for him during the tedious night. The black traces of deſpair were too

viſible in his countenance to eſcape the obſervation of this affectionate wife. She rais'd to Heaven her ſupplicating hands. She begg'd for him mercy and forgiveneſs. She entreated that the DIVINE conſolations and grace might ſooth and ſoften the heart of her wretched huſband. Her lively grief, her intenſe devotion, as ſhe fear'd diſturbing the partner of her bed, were utter'd only in ſighs and tears. Yet the inarticulate expreſſions of her ſorrow had reach'd the ears of CAIN, who unable to bear her grief, wander'd in the early dawn. His murmuring voice reſounded through the profound calm of the fields like diſtant thunder. Night odious! night horrible! ſaid he. What black clouds ſurround me? What fears! What terrors! When my imagination began to be calm'd, when gentle ſleep had huſh'd my griefs, the voice of Lamentation awoke me. Alas! I only wake to be replung'd in wretch-

edneſs. Shall I never more enjoy repoſe? Why did ſhe pray and weep for me? She yet knows not that my offering was rejected.--Her tears encreaſe my diſtreſs.---I cannot bear her groans ---they add to my griefs---They chaſe peace from my heart. This day, like the laſt, muſt be paſs'd in ſorrow and in bitterneſs. While a ſmile of approbation rewards every action of my brother, while he enjoys every ſoothing delight, terror and ſadneſs purſue me. I love thee, MAHALA.---I love thee tenderly. Thou art dearer to me than myſelf. Why then ſhould'ſt thou, by thy lamentations fill with anguiſh the few hours of reſt my miſeries have left me?

He ſtopt under a buſh that grew on the ſide of a rock, O ſoft ſleep! ſaid he, reſtore me here thy balmy bleſſings. Unhappy that I am, weaken'd by fatigue and terror, I invok'd thee in my

cottage. Scarce hadſt thou ſpread over me thy downy pinions, when the voice of ſorrow chac'd thee from my eyes. Here is none to trouble my repoſe, except beings inanimate, influenc'd by the wrath of Heaven, can drive quiet from me, even in this diſtant retreat. O Earth, which by a curſe too ſevere, requires ſuch painful labour.----Alas! I only labour to prolong a life of wretchedneſs:----now, at leaſt, let me on thy boſom find ſome moments of reſt, to repair my exhauſted ſtrength. I expect no other happineſs. I know no greater. He was ſilent; he laid himſelf on the fragrant graſs, and the power he had invok'd wrapt him in his ſable wing.

ANAMELECH ſecretly follow'd the ſteps of CAIN. He was now at his ſide. A profound ſleep, ſaid the malicious ſpirit, has clos'd his eyes. I will continue near him, to accompliſh my

purpoſe, and accelerate his deſtruction. Come aſſiſt me, ye hovering dreams; diſturb his ſoul with fantaſtic viſions; aſſemble each image that can inſpire him with fury and diſtraction. Come Envy with corroſive tooth, hot Rage, and every tumultuous paſſion. Thus ſpake the ſpirit impure, and with intent malign laid him near CAIN. A furious wind aroſe: it howl'd in the caverns of the rocks: it ſhook with dreadful roar the buſhes, and rudely agitated the hair of CAIN. But in vain, it howl'd in the caverns of the rocks: in vain it ſhook with dreadful roar the buſhes: in vain it rudely agitated the hair of CAIN: ſleep ſat heavy on his weary'd eye-lids, and he ſtill kept them clos'd.

HE beheld in a dream a vaſt field, on which were ſcatter'd a number of mean cottages. He ſaw his ſons and his grandſons diſpers'd over the plain, where

they reſolutely expos'd themſelves to the mid-day ſun which darted his ſcorching rays on their heads. Aſſiduous at their painful labours, ſometimes they gather'd fruits for their ſubſiſtence; at others prepar'd the earth to receive freſh ſeeds; or ſtooping, wounded their hands with pulling up the thorny brambles, leſt they ſhould choak the riſing grain, and leſſen the utility of their former induſtry. He ſaw alſo their wives buſy'd in domeſtic labour. He beheld them preparing a frugal refreſhment againſt the return of their huſbands. ELIEL, his eldeſt ſon, then appear'd before him. He ſaw him lift with difficulty a heavy burthen from the earth: he bore it on his ſhoulders, tottering under the load: the ſweat ſtream'd from his embrown'd face, and ſorrow and diſcontent appear'd in his eyes. What a life of miſery! ſaid ELIEL. How well is the prediction fulfill'd which ſaid, Man ſhall eat

his bread by the ſweat of his brow! Did the CREATOR baniſh from his preſence all the offspring of ADAM? or did the curſe affect only the children of the firſt-born? too ſeverely is it felt by us the ſons of CAIN: our portion is labour and indigence. While in yonder fields inhabited by the children of ABEL, from which our unnatural kinſmen have baniſh'd us to theſe barren deſarts, is concenter'd all that can give delight to man. There the earth ſpontaneouſly pours forth her bounties. Thoſe ſons of luxury recline in fragrant bowers. Nature herſelf ſeems ſubſervient to their eaſe and ſloth. Every comfort, every pleaſure, if pleaſure is to be found on earth, is the portion of theſe voluptuous idlers. Thus murmuring, ELIEL ſlowly ſtagger'd towards the cottages.

CAIN was now carry'd on Imagination's ſportive wing to a plain ena-

mell'd with a variety of flowers, water'd by limpid brooks, which meandring ran with ſoft murmurs near aromatic bowers, under the ſhade of tufted groves. The banks were decorated with lofty trees, and the clear water reflecting the vivid colours of their ſeveral fruits, form'd a new landſcape. The ſtreams, after thus roving through the flowery turf, finiſh'd their wandering courſe in an ample lake, whoſe glaſſy ſurface was ſmooth and unruffled. He ſaw at a diſtance a citron grove, where play'd the wanton Zephyrs fanning with their ambroſial wings the ſweets around. The proſpect was terminated by a range of lofty fig-trees, which ſpread their extenſive ſhade over the tender flowers. In this delightful ſpot was accumulated all the beauties with which imaginative fable has decorated the charming vale of Tempe, or Cnidus's luxuriant land; where,

roſe, conſecrated to VENUS, a magnificent temple on lucid columns.

CAIN ſaw in his dream flocks white as the falling ſnow, ſporting in the meadows, or cropping the plenteous herbage, while the indolent ſhepherd, whoſe head was encircled with a wreath of flowers, lay reclin'd under the ſpreading palm, chanting to the ſympathizing object of his paſſion an amorous lay. There boys blooming as the Loves, and girls ſweet as the Graces, aſſembled under arches of interwoven honeyſuckles and myrtle, where with agile feet they form'd the feſtive dance. The bright juice of the grape ſparkled in golden goblets, and delicious fruits were ſpread on tables cover'd with flowers; while the ambiant air reſounded with vocal and inſtrumental harmony. CAIN with regret beheld theſe children of diſſipation. He ſaw a young man riſe in the midſt of the ſportive aſſembly,

and heard him thus addreſs his brethren: I rejoice with you, my jocund friends: I rejoice in our preſent felicity. Nature ſmiles on us: ſhe has united in this delightful ſpot all that can charm the eye, or raviſh the heart: but to conſerve her bounties, we muſt again return to labour; and labour is troubleſome and fatiguing. Shall our hands form'd to touch the ſoft lute, and ſounding lyre, be render'd callous by the drudgery of the field? Shall our heads, which ſo well become theſe encircling roſes, be again expos'd to the ſun's fierce rays? No: we will recline on beds of violets under the myrtle, while the hardy ſons of earth, the brawny inhabitants of yonder plains, ſhall for us endure the toil of labour. The men ſhall till our grounds, their wives and daughters ſhall be the ſervants of our's. What ſay ye, my gay companions, is the proſpect pleaſing? You ſmile approbation. Lend me your aſſiſtance,

my dear brethren, and ere to-morrow's dawn, we will make it a joyful reality. When the Sun has withdrawn his rays from the earth, and Night has ſpread over it her mantle of darkneſs, we will march in ſilence to the cottages of thoſe ruſtics. We ſhall doubtleſs find them, after the rugged toil of the day, bury'd in the arms of Sleep, and ſhall eaſily take them captive. 'Tis true, our number is ſuperior to theirs, and you may wonder that I recommend ſilence, and chuſe night for our expedition: but, my friends, the men are ſtrong: hardſhip and fatigue have brac'd their nerves, and deſpair may render them deſperate. Let us then avoid a battle, in which, if victors, we muſt ſuffer ſome loſs, and chuſe the leaſt dangerous method of effecting our purpoſe. The young man was ſilent. The whole aſſembly were unanimous in his praiſes, and ſhew'd their readineſs to join in the infernal ſcheme by loud ſhouts of applauſe.

A new ſcene now ſtruck the eyes of CAIN. It was night, and the inhuman artifice was in execution. He heard cries of deſolation and terror, intermingled with ſhouts of inſult and triumph. He beheld the fields and rocks illumin'd by the flames of the burning cottages; by this dreadful light, he ſaw his ſons and grandſons bound, and with their wives and infants, tamely marching before the children of ABEL, like a flock of bleating ſheep.

Such was the dream of CAIN. He was diſtreſs'd, though aſleep. When ABEL having perceiv'd him under the buſhes at the foot of the rock, approach'd, and with looks of affection, and in a voice of tenderneſs, ſaid, Ah my brother, ſoon mayſt thou awake. I long to embrace thee, and to expreſs the ſweet ſenſations by which my heart is engroſs'd. I love thee, my brother. I ſee with pain thy uneaſineſs, and

gladly would remove from thy ſoul the fatal jealouſy that imbitters thy days. Awake, O CAIN, awake, that my heart may again know the pleaſures of reconciliation. But ſoft, ye impatient wiſhes.--- Breathe gently ye winds: ye birds ceaſe your untimely melody, leſt ye diſturb the precious repoſe of my brother. Perhaps his fatigu'd limbs require yet longer the reſtorative influences of ſleep---But how he lies!--- how pale!--- how wan!---His features ſeem diſtorted by fury. Why do you diſtreſs him ye viſions of terror? Leave his ſoul to enjoy tranquility, ye imaginary horrors. Take poſſeſſion of it, ye pleaſing images. Preſent to his mind the ſweet occupations of domeſtic life; the tender delights of the huſband and the father! May every thing moſt lovely in the creation fill his imagination, and ſooth his ſoul. May he awake calm and ſmiling as the vernal morn. May joy expand his countenance, and his

delighted heart utter its gratitude to the Great GIVER of every good in devout praiſe. He ſpoke no more, but ſtood ſtedfaſtly looking at CAIN, while aſtoniſhment, inquietude, and tender love, were viſible in his eyes.

As a fierce lion couching at the foot of a rock, (who though aſleep, friezes with terror the trembling traveller, and obliges him to take a wide circuit to avoid the dreaded beaſt) if the murderous arrow, in its rapid flight, pierces his ſide, ſuddenly ſtarts, and with dreadful roar, ſeeks his enemy. He foams. He rages. His blazing eyes menace deſtruction. The firſt object he meets is the victim of his fury; perhaps an innocent child playing on the graſs with the variegated flowers. Not leſs terrible roſe CAIN. His eyes were enflam'd, and rancour ſat on his pallid cheek. A ſtorm of wrath was gathering. The cloud burſt. He ſtamp'd

his foot on the ground. Open, O earth! he cry'd, Open O earth! and hide me---hide me from my miſeries in thy loweſt abyſs. My life is one continu'd round of diſtreſs and torture, and as if this was not enough, I ſee---inſupportable proſpect!----I ſee that my children ſhall one day inherit my miſeries. But I implore in vain; thou wilt not open. The Almighty AVENGER reſtrains thee. I muſt, ſuch is his will, I muſt be wretched. And that future evils may diſturb my ſcanty enjoyment of preſent good, he himſelf draws aſide the veil. Curſt be the hour when my mother, by my birth, gave the firſt proof of her ſad fertility! Curſt be the place where ſhe firſt felt the pangs of child-birth! may all its productſ periſh! May he that ſhall ſow it loſe his grain, and his labour! May ſudden terror ſtrike even to the bones, all who ſhall paſs over it.

Theſe were the imprecations of CAIN. When ABEL, pale as the ſculptur'd marble, ventur'd to approach him with ſlow and unſteady ſtep. My brother! ſaid he, in a trembling voice: No---O my GOD!---Horror friezes my blood ---One of the ſeditious ſpirits, whom the ETERNAL precipitated from Heaven has ſurely taken his form, under which he utters his blaſphemies!--- Where art thou, my brother?---I fly to ſeek thee---to bleſs thee.---Where art thou my brother?

Here I am, cry'd CAIN, in a voice of thunder:· here am I thou ſoft favourite---- thou dear minion of the vengeful ETERNAL, and of all Nature--- thou, whoſe viperous race are one day ſolely to engroſs all the felicity of this world. Yes, ſo it muſt be. It is fit there ſhould be a tribe of ſlaves, as beaſts of burthen to the favourite lineage. Their delicate limbs muſt

not endure the hardſhips of labour. Form'd only for voluptuous idleneſs, theſe ſons of Sloth muſt recline in ſhady bowers, while---The rage of hell is in my heart---Cannot I---

CAIN!---my brother! ſaid ABEL, interrupting him, with a voice and look that at once expreſs'd his horror, affection, and aſtoniſhment: What terrifying dream has troubled thy ſoul? I ſought thee in the early dawn. I came to embrace thee at the ſpringing day. But how do I find thee agitated? How doſt thou return my tender love? When, Oh when, my deareſt brother! ſhall peace, ſhall amity bleſs our dwellings? When will come the happy day---a day after which our indulgent parents ſo ardently long, when fraternal affection and ſocial joy ſhall be firmly re-eſtabliſh'd? O CAIN! CAIN! canſt thou ſo ſoon forget the pleaſures of reconciliation, of which thou ſeem'dſt

ſo ſenſible, when in a rapture of joy and friendſhip, I flew into thine arms. Have I offended thee my brother? --- Unknowingly have I offended thee? then---But, Why doſt thou caſt on me ſuch furious looks? By all that is ſacred, I conjure thee to forget my involuntary fault, and receive my embraces. As ABEL pronounc'd the laſt words, he ſtoop'd to claſp the knees of his brother; but CAIN ſtarted back, crying, Ah thou ſerpent! Wouldſt thou twine thyſelf about me? At the ſame inſtant, with an arm ſtrengthen'd by rage, he ſwung a maſſy club, and ſmote the head of his brother. The innocent victim of his fury fell at his feet. The bones of his head were cruſh'd. He once rais'd his dying eyes to his unnatural brother, and giving him a look of pardon and pity, expir'd. His blood diſtain'd the waving curls of his fair hair, and ran in a ſtream to the feet of his murderer.

CAIN ſtood motionleſs, ſtiffen'd with horror. The cold ſweat ran from his trembling members, while he beheld with agony the laſt convulſions of his expiring brother. The ſmoke of the blood he had ſhed aſcended even to him. Curſed blow! he cry'd. My brother---Awake---awake, O my brother!---How pale!---His eyes are fix'd!---The blood ſtreams from his head!---Miſerable that I was---Ah! what am I now?---Infernal horrors!---

Thus he cry'd aloud, and furiouſly threw from him the bloody club: then with violence ſtruck his temples. He ſtoop'd to the dead body, and endeavour'd to raiſe it from the earth, crying ABEL!---my brother!---awake! Ah!---what tortures do I feel!---How his head hangs!---how it bleeds!---how helpleſs!---Dead!---O anguiſh inſupportable!---he is dead. My crime is without remedy. I fly---whither fly?

My tottering knees will ſcarce bear me. Having thus ſpoke, trembling, he hid himſelf among the buſhes.

The ſeducer, with triumph in his look, remain'd near the dead. Elate with pride, he ſtretch'd his gigantic form to its full height, and his countenance was not leſs dreadful than the black pillar of ſmoke ariſing from the half-conſumed lumber of a lonely cottage is to the inhabitants, who returning from their peaceful labours, find all their conveniences, all their riches, the prey of the devouring flames. ANAMELECH follow'd the criminal with his eyes, while a ruthleſs ſmile ſpoke his exultation. He then caſt on the bleeding body a look of complacency. Pleaſing ſight! ſaid he: I ſee for the firſt time this earth wet with human blood. The flow of the ſacred ſprings of Heaven before the fatal hour, when the MASTER of the univerſe

precipitated us from thoſe ſeats of bliſs, never gave me half this pleaſure. Never did the harmonious harps of the archangels give me ſuch delight, as the laſt ſighs of a brother murder'd by his brother. And thou, the nobleſt of thy MAKER's works; thou laſt, beſt effort of his creating hand, what a deſpicable figure doſt thou now make? Riſe beautiful youth! Riſe thou friend of angels! This indolence in thine oriſons ill becomes the worſhip of thy GOD! But he ſtirs not. His own brother has left him weltering in his blood. No: that honour is mine. I guided the arm of the fratricide. It is by actions ſuch as SATAN himſelf would boaſt, I ſhall riſe above the vile populace of Hell. I haſten to the foot of the infernal throne. The vaſt concave of the fiery gulph will reverberate my praiſes. I ſhall move in triumph thro' crowds of ignoble ſpirits, whom no hardy atchievement has dignify'd, and

look down with ſcorn on thoſe who till now were accounted my equals. Inflated with arrogance, he turn'd once more to glut his eyes with a laſt view of the victim: but the hideous traces of deſpair inſtantaniouſly diſſipated his ironic ſmile, and effac'd the triumphant pride which ſat on his expanded brow. The LORD commanded, and he was ſeiz'd by infernal horrors: he was overwhelm'd by a deluge of torture. He now curs'd his exiſtence: he curs'd eternity replete with torments, and yelling fled.

The laſt ſighs of the dying aſcended to the throne of GOD, and demanded of Eternal Juſtice vengeance on the murderer. Thunder was heard from the holy ſanctuary. The golden harps ceas'd to ſound. The eternal hallelujahs were interrupted. Three times the thunder echo'd through the lofty arch of heaven. This awful ſound was

ſucceeded by the majeſtic voice of GOD, iſſuing from the argentine cloud that encompaſs'd his throne. It ſummon'd an archangel. The lucid ſpirit advanc'd towards the ſeat of the MOST HIGH, veiling his face with his effulgent wings; and GOD ſaid, Death has made his firſt prey on man. Henceforth be it thy function to aſſemble the ſouls of the juſt. I myſelf ſpoke to that of ABEL when he fell. When the righteous man is languiſhing in the cold ſweat of death, be thou at his ſide. By aſſuring him of eternal felicity, ſupport him in thoſe moments of anxiety, when his ſoul, trembling at the view of his paſt life, dreads a ſeparation from its duſt. Thou ſhalt then calm his fears, and inſpire him with confidence. Thou ſhalt turn his eyes from My rigorous juſtice, and fix them on My long-ſuffering and tender mercies. Haſten now towards the earth to meet the ſoul of ABEL. Thou

MICHAEL go with him, and declare to the murderer the ſentence pronounc'd againſt him. Thus ſpoke the ETERNAL, and again the thunder thrice echo'd thro' the lofty arch of Heaven. The archangels with rapid wing paſs'd through the celeſtial ranks. The gates of the divine abode ſpontaneouſly opening to the heavenly meſſengers, they travers'd the boundleſs expance on all ſides reſplendent, amidſt ſuns without number, and alighted on the earth.

The angel of death call'd forth the ſoul of ABEL from the enſanguin'd duſt. It advanc'd with a ſmile of joy. The more pure and ſpirituous parts of the body flew off, and mixing with the balſamic exhalations wafted by the zephyrs from the flowers which ſprung up within the compaſs irrdiated by the angel, environ'd the ſoul, forming for it an etherial body. It ſaw with a

tranſport till then unknown, the bright meſſenger coming towards it.

I ſalute thee, ſaid the celeſtial ſpirit, while benignity and joy beam'd in his eyes: I ſalute thee, O happy ſoul, now diſengag'd from thy encumbering duſt. Receive my embraces. It is to me an encreaſe of felicity, that I am choſen by the MOST HIGH to introduce thee into the realms of light and bliſs, where miriads of angels wait to hail thee. Conceive, if thou canſt, beloved ſoul! conceive what it is to behold GOD face to face---to have communion with him for ever. Thou art going to experience the riches of his grace, the wonders of his love. Thou wilt ſoon know the immenſe rewards with which he recompenſes virtue. O thou who haſt firſt laid down thy covering of duſt, to be cloth'd in light, I once more embrace thee.

Permit me alſo to embrace thee, celeſtial friend, reply'd the ſoul; and over-power'd by the ecſtatic ſenſe of its beatitude, it reclin'd on the angel. Delight extreme!---bliſs inexpreſſible! While my ſoul was impriſon'd in the periſhing clay from which it is now releas'd, I meditated in ſolitude, by the mild and ſoft light of the unclouded moon, on the charms of virtue, on the glories of my GOD. Theſe ſublime objects even then elevated me above myſelf, and I experienc'd, without knowing it, a faint dawn of the felicity I at preſent taſte. But how much more attractive now are the charms of virtue! How are my ideas of the DIVINE attributes exalted and enlarg'd! What new thoughts!---What are now the beauties of ſpring! O Sun! where is now thy dazzling luſtre? The enraptur'd ſoul again embrac'd the angel, and continu'd to utter its tranſports. Eternity is now mine. All ſublunary

cares are at an end. I ſhall forever be employ'd in praiſing my GOD, who with unbounded beneficence beſtows never ending felicity on the ſoul that pants after virtue, and delights in the beauty of goodneſs. Forever ſhall I exalt his name; forever ſhall I enjoy ineffable bliſs: for I ſhall ſee him as he is.

Thus did theſe two happy ſpirits interchange reciprocal endearments, and the ſweet embrace. Follow me, my friend, ſaid the archangel; follow my flight. Let us quit this earth; nothing here can now be dear to thee but the virtuous. Regret not to leave them behind; for after a few more riſing and ſetting ſuns, they too will partake of thy felicity. At preſent the celeſtial choir waits with ardent expectation thy coming. Haſte to embrace your new friends, and join with them in inceſſant hallelujahs to the ETERNAL.

I follow thee, reply'd the righteous ſoul. Into what a torrent of delight and felicity art thou conveying me! Dear and reſpectable friend, whoſe nature is ſo far ſuperior to mine! O my beloved kindred, whom I leave ſtill embody'd in duſt; who muſt ſtill remain in this vale of tears; when the days of your lives are fulfill'd, when the hour of your diſſolution is at hand, and the celeſtial introducer of ſouls ſhall deſcend to meet you, I will accompany him; for at the foot of the ALMIGHTY's throne I will beg this grace. With what joy ſhall I ſee your pure and holy ſouls riſe from this ſeat of corruption, from this region of death! And thou too, THIRZA, my dear and tender companion! when thou haſt yet a little longer wept over my mouldering duſt, and haſt rear'd to virtue the infant that now but begins to prattle forth its thoughts, thou muſt be the prey of death. What rapture! when

thy ſoul quitting the cold clay ſhall fly into mine arms.

Thus ſpoke ABEL, and riſing in the air began to loſe ſight of the earth. As his eyes were taking a laſt look on the dwellings whoſe inhabitants were ſtill dear to him, he beheld his brother: remorſe was imprinted on his countenance: his clench'd hands were held over his head: he ſuddenly lifted up his eyes to Heaven, then frantic with deſpair, ſtruck with repeated blows his throbbing breaſt: he caſt himſelf in agony on the earth, and roll'd in the duſt. Tears of compaſſion dropp'd from the eyes of the happy, and he turn'd aſide from the frightful ſcene. His heavenly conductor was now join'd by multitudes of angels: the tutelar ſpirits of the earth ſurrounded the celeſtial travellers: they congratulated the ſoul of ABEL on its deliverance from ſin and death: they embrac'd

him in holy rapture; and having eſcorted him to the confines of the terreſtrial atmoſphere, they reclin'd on a crimſon cloud, and to the ſoft lute and ſilver harp join'd the melody of their celeſtial voices, chanting in chorus.

He riſes, the new inhabitant of Heaven riſes to his native land. Render him homage, ye brilliant conſtellations which roll in the immenſity of ſpace: render homage, with gladneſs, to the earth your companion. What glory to that opaque ſphere, to have nouriſh'd in its duſt a being prepar'd for the joys of immortality! Glow, ye fields, with brighter verdure, reflect, ye hills, a purer light!

He riſes, the new inhabitant of Heaven riſes to his native land. Legions of angels await his arrival at the celeſtial portals. With what rapture will they welcome their new compa-

nion to the ſeats of bliſs! They will crown him with unfading roſes. What will be his tranſport when he traverſes the flowery fields of heaven! when under aromatic bowers of eternal verdure he joins the angelic choir in their ſong of praiſe; aſcribing glory, honour, power and dominion to the Source of Happineſs, the ſole Principle of all Good!

Already have we celebrated the day when his ſoul deſcended from the hands of its CREATOR, and enter'd into its body of earth. Already, O feſtive day! haſt thou been celebrated, and we will ſtill celebrate thee. We ſaw his young mind improve in every virtue. It haſted to maturity and ſtrength, like the lily in the ſpring. We have ſeen with joy his aſpirations after perfection. Inviſible we have beheld the uniformity of his life, the conſiſtency of his actions. We have join'd in his devout praiſes,

we have ſympathiz'd in his tender ſorrow. His virtuous tears have given joy to the angels. Virtue was his motive and guide. Forever ſhall he enjoy the rewards of virtue.

He riſes, the new inhabitant of Heaven riſes to his native land. Receive him, ye ſons of light! crown him with celeſtial roſes! Honour him whom the MOST HIGH delighteth to honour. Yonder, like a faded flower, lies the duſt he has abandon'd. Parent Earth receive it in thy boſom. Again receive the precious duſt. Each ſpring it ſhall produce odoriferous flowers. Each year we will ſolemnize the day in which his righteous ſoul quitted the earth.

Thus they ſung, then borne on their lucid cloud deſcended to the earth.

CAIN wander'd in deſpair among the buſhes. He rov'd from place to place;

but change of ſituation decreas'd not the horror that had lodg'd itſelf in his convuls'd heart. Thus the traveller in vain quickens his pace; in vain exerts his ſkill and ſtrength to avoid an irritated ſerpent; the reptile purſues him with its poiſonous breath; it encircles his limbs; it fixes its ſting. Where ſhall he fly from torture? already convulſions ſeize his wounded breaſt, the mortal poiſon flows to his heart. So CAIN vainly ſtrove to fly his pain. Oh that I could no more ſee the ſtreaming blood! he cry'd: I fly, but the blood follows me ſtill---ſtill it runs to my feet. Where ſhall I fly? ---Where? --- Miſerable that I am--- His laſt look! ---What have I done? The dreadful deed is the work of Hell---I already feel its tortures! I have with him, murder'd his unborn offspring----Ah, What noiſe is that among the buſhes? --- Why ſighs the dead? ----Away, haſte feet far away from the purſuing blood --- far away

from the dreadful ſight of death!---Drag me away, ye trembling knees, ſprinkled with a brother's blood, to---Hell. At theſe words he walk'd with faſt and unequal ſteps.

A black cloud alighted at his feet, from the midſt of which iſſu'd an awful voice, ſaying, CAIN, where is thy brother?---I know not--me miſerable!---am I my brother's keeper? anſwer'd he, ſtammering and retreating back, pale as the lifeleſs corpſe of ABEL. Loud thunders now burſt from the cloud; the graſs and buſhes blaz'd around him, and MICHAEL, the archangel, ſtood before him, array'd in terror. On his majeſtic brow were imprinted the menaces of the LORD. In his right hand he held the forked lightning, and extended his left over the appall'd ſinner. He ſpoke, and it again thunder'd. Stop trembler. Hear thy ſentence. Thus ſaith the LORD, What

haſt thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood cryeth to me. Thou art curſt on the earth, which hath drank the blood of thy brother, ſhed by thy hand. To thee it ſhall be for ever barren, and thou ſhalt be a vagabond on its ſurface. The terrify'd ſinner was mute and immoveable: his head bent, and his eyes fix'd on the ground, while his heart was torn with anguiſh, like that of the impious atheiſt, when GOD, terrible in judgement, ſhakes the earth, and he ſees the profan'd temples and the ſumptuous palaces of ſinners fall into ruins, and ſhake to their foundations; while his ears are terrify'd with the groans of the dying, the ſobs of grief, and the ſhrieks of deſpair. In this convulſion of nature, thick ſmoke and flames burſt from the cleft earth. Wild with horror he attempts to fly. He ſtaggers on the tremulous ground. He reels. He falls. Equal terror ſhook the fratricide. He attempted to ſpeak; but only inarticulate ſtammerings came

from his trembling lips, while dread ſtill kept his eyes fix'd on the earth. At length he cry'd, in a voice which ſpoke his anguiſh, My crime is too great---ah much too great ever to be forgiven! Now, O inexorable GOD! Thou haſt curſed me on the earth, and---Where can I hide myſelf from thy preſence?--Baniſh'd from ſociety--a vagabond---the firſt who meets me will ſlay me, and rid the earth of an infamous murderer.

A vengeance ſeven-fold more dreadful than thine, ſhall fall on him who ſheds thy blood, ſaid the angel, ſpeaking again in thunder. Dark diſquietude and gnawing remorſe are ſtrongly imprinted on thy brow. By theſe marks ſhalt thou be known, and all, on ſeeing thee, ſhall quit the path made by thy wandering feet, crying, There goes CAIN the murderer. The angel having thus announc'd the Divine ana-

thema, diſappear'd. Thunder again iſſu'd from the riſing cloud: a dreadful whirlwind tore up by the roots the trees and buſhes, with a noiſe that reſembled the howlings of a malefactor ſuffering under the agonies of penal torture.

CAIN ſtood motionleſs. Deſpair glar'd in his eyes: yet fierceneſs was ſtill ſeen on his buſhy brows. The furious winds ſhook his erect hair. Wild fear, at length, forc'd from his livid and quivering lips theſe horrid accents. Why has he not annihilated me?--- Wherefore not annihilated me? that no traces of me might remain in the creation. Why was I not blaſted by his lightnings? Why did not his thunder ſtrike me to the depths of the earth?--- But his ire reſerves me for perpetual ſufferings---torments without end--- Deteſted by my fellow creatures---all nature abhors me---I abhor myſelf--- Already the attendants on guilt haunt

me, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair.---Shut out from human ſociety, baniſh'd from GOD, I ſhall, while on earth, feel the torments of Hell---I feel them now. Curs'd be thou, O arm, which ſo haſtily executed the impulſes of paſſion, mayſt thou wither on my body like the blighted limb of a tree! Curs'd be the hour when a dream from Hell deceiv'd me!---and thou infernal fiend, who ſuggeſted it, Where art thou now? that I may curſe thee! Art thou return'd to Hell? mayſt thou there ſuffer inceſſantly what I now feel! Nothing worſe can I wiſh thee. This is your triumph, ye ſpirits of darkneſs! Gaze on, ye devils, and wonder at my miſery!---Spent with agony, he ſat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and remain'd without ſtrength or voice, motionleſs as the dead. Then ſtarting, he cry'd, Ha! what noiſe is that? it is the voice of murder'd ABEL!---he groans---I ſee his ſtreaming blood! O my brother! my brother! in pity

to my inexpreſſible anguiſh, ceaſe to haunt me! He now continu'd ſitting in ſpeechleſs agony, ſighs only burſting from his tortur'd heart.

In the mean time the father of mankind with his amiable ſpouſe, having left their cottage, came forth to enjoy the fragrance and beauty of the early day. With what majeſty does the ſun dart his firſt rays! cried EVE. How they gild the flimſy miſt that hovers over yonder field! How charming the appearance of the country! Let us walk on ADAM, amid the dew till the hour of labour calls thee to the field, and me to our dwelling. O my beloved! this earth is ſtill lovely! See, ADAM, how all the creatures rejoice; each buſh, each eminence pours forth their melody! The beaſts too, how they friſk, and bound, and chace each other! with what gaiety and life they welcome the morning rays!

ADAM anſwer'd, Yes, my love, the earth is ſtill beautiful. It ſtill bears viſible marks of the preſence of GOD, and of his infinite goodneſs, which our folly and ingratitude have not yet been able to exhauſt. Yes, His mercy, His munificence, exceeds the power of words to expreſs, are too great for the rejoic'd heart to conceive. Let us haſten, EVE, through thoſe flowery fields to the ſmiling paſtures where ABEL feeds his flocks. Perhaps we may find that amiable, that dutiful ſon chanting his morning hymn, and in devout melody, praiſing his CREATOR.

Dear ADAM, return'd EVE, let us firſt go to the field of CAIN. I have in this baſket brought a little preſent for my firſt-born. I have cull'd out ſome of the beſt of my figs, and a few bunches of my fineſt dry'd grapes. They will be an agreeable refreſhment for him, when at mid-day he retires to the ſhade, faint and fatigu'd with labour. Let

us go to him firſt, my ſpouſe; for fain would I eraſe from his mind, the idea, that he is not belov'd by us with the ſame affection that we love his brother.

How attentive, my deareſt, is thy tenderneſs, reply'd ADAM! I will accompany thee with joy to the field of CAIN. Let us carry him thy preſent, that he may not ſay, all our concern and love are laviſh'd on ABEL. May the ſerenity of this delightful morning diſpoſe his heart to the impreſſions of tenderneſs. They now redoubled their pace, and walk'd towards the open country. How happy, ſaid EVE, as ſhe was going on; how happy ſhould I think myſelf, if when nature thus ſmiles, and awakens every ſentiment of tenderneſs and joy, our firſt-born receives us with affection! if his heart is open to the ſoft ſenſations of filial love!

They now came from behind ſome buſhes, EVE walking a little before, when ſuddenly ſtepping back, ſhe cry'd with a tremulous voice, Who lies there?---ADAM, who's that lies there? --- He lieth not like one aſleep --- His face is on the ground---Thoſe golden locks are ABEL's!---ADAM, why do I tremble? --- ABEL, ABEL, awake --- awake, my ſon---turn to me thy face--- turn to me thy face. Awake! ah awake, dear ſon, from a ſleep that freezes me with terror! They approach nearer. What do I ſee? cry'd ADAM, trembling and retiring back. Blood! blood trickling from his temples. His head is cover'd with blood! --- O ABEL! O my ſon! --- my ſon! --- my dear ſon! cry'd EVE, lifting up his arm ſtiffen'd by death, then ſunk pale as the object ſhe lamented, on ADAM's throbbing breaſt. Horror and grief depriv'd them both of voice, when CAIN, frantic with deſpair, came without deſign to the place where lay the

dead body of his brother, and ſeeing near the corpſe, his father motionleſs, and his mother pale and lifeleſs in his arms, he cry'd out trembling, He is dead!---I kill'd him!---Curs'd be the hour, O father of men! when thou begatteſt me! And thou woman! curs'd be the inſtant when thou broughteſt me forth.---He is dead!---I kill'd him! repeated he, and fled.

Two lovers united by a ſenſe of their mutual perfections, enjoying ſweet converſe, ſit near each other. A tempeſt ſuddenly riſes: the ſubtle lightnings dart----the blue flame quivers o'er their heads. Each ſtrives to ſuccour each---alas! in vain---embracing ſtill, they living ſeem, though void of life. Thus our firſt parents ſat pale and ſilent, without ſign of life, except an univerſal trembling. ADAM firſt recover'd from this lethargy of ſtupid grief. Where am I? he cry'd in broken accents. How I tremble!---My GOD!

my GOD! ---- Ah there he lies! ---- wretched father!---What horrors ſhake my ſoul! --- How can I ſupport the dreadful thought! --- His brother kill'd him!---he has cur'd us!---O ABEL! O my ſon! my veins are chill'd; my blood runs cold. Ah miſerable parent! One ſon has curs'd thee, the other lies before thee embru'd in his own blood. What evils, what torments, have I brought on myſelf and my wretched offspring!---Ah fatal ſin!---And thou too, EVE, thou awakeſt not!---How my terrors encreaſe! Art thou dead too?---Am I left alone a prey to anguiſh?---Yet, O GOD, in the midſt of deſolation, I adore thy decrees, I revere thy juſtice---I am a ſinner.--- An icy coldneſs inſinuates itſelf into my beating heart. My eyes fail. O Death, why delayeſt thou?---O ABEL! O my dear ſon! He then again caſt a look on the body: the tears flow'd down his venerable face, and with them ran the

cold ſweat. Thou at laſt awakeſt, dear EVE, he continued: but alas! to what inexpreſſible tortures doſt thou awake! Ah what diſtreſs is ſeen in thy weeping eyes, dear companion of my miſery!

ADAM, reply'd EVE, in a fearful accent, is the murderer gone? The voice of curſing thunders no more---I no longer hear the voice of his curſing. Curſe me---me alone, barbarous fratricide, I was the firſt ſinner. O my child! --- my child!---O ABEL, my deareſt ſon! ---- ſhe now ſunk from the arms of ADAM on the dead. My ſon---my ſon, ſhe cry'd, ſpeaking to the inſenſible clay: thine eyes are fix'd, no more they turn on me.---Awake, awake!---Alas! I call in vain: he is dead!---That is death ---the death with which we were threaten'd, when curs'd by GOD after the fall. Oh inſufferable torment!---I

was the firſt ſinner!---O my huſband! ſpouſe belov'd and dear! thy tears rend my heart. It was I that ſeduc'd thee. Of me---of me, O weeping father! demand thy ſon's blood! --- Of me your brother, my wretched children!---me --- me curſe, murderer of brothers! but ſpare thy father--- I was the firſt ſinner! O my ſon! my ſon! thy blood riſes againſt me! ---it accuſes me! unhappy parent! Thus lamented the mother of the human race, while her tears ſtream'd on the congealing blood.

ADAM caſt on his wife looks full of tenderneſs and grief: Dear EVE, ſaid he, what exquiſite pangs thou giv'ſt my burſting heart! Ceaſe, I entreat thee, ceaſe thus to torment me! I conjure thee, by our miſeries, by our tender love I conjure thee, to ceaſe thus reproaching thyſelf! We both have ſinn'd, we both are guilty. The

bitter conſequences of our crimes are but too ſad remembrancers of our ingratitude and folly. But the ALMIGHTY whom we have offended, the GOD who chaſtiſes us, ſtill regards us with a pitying eye.--Yes, my GOD! we are yet allow'd to ſupplicate thee in our diſtreſs. Thou haſt not utterly deſtroy'd the ſinner. We yet live, EVE, and our ſouls are out of the reach of death. It can only ſtrip us of this body, ſubject to pain and grief. Our immortal ſouls will, if we are virtuous, triumph over death, and enjoy permanent felicity in the realms of happineſs and glory, where we ſhall behold the light of GOD's countenance, and inceſſantly praiſe him to all eternity. This, my beloved, ought to be our conſolation; our great conſolation; but---his murderer is his brother. Ah! my firſt-born kill'd his brother!

Yes, dear ſon! cry'd EVE, her tears ſtill flowing; death has deliver'd thee from ſolicitude, pain, and grief. Thou art no more expos'd to ſuffer. We ſhould wiſh to follow thee. Alas! we muſt ſtill endure tribulations and inquietudes from which thou art now exempt. But, can I ceaſe to weep, while I remember thy virtue, thy piety, thy filial love! O ADAM, what a ſight of horror is now that precious body! Where are thoſe ſmiles, the ſweet emanations of filial tenderneſs, that us'd to be ſeen on his countenance? How faded, how livid are his bloody cheeks! We ſhall no more hear from thoſe lips ſeraphic harmony! no more have our ſouls rais'd to GOD by his angelic converſe! no more will they expreſs the endearing ſenſations of his heart! --- Thoſe eyes, now fix'd in death, with what delight and tranſport have I ſeen them ſhed tears of joy, when I have given him ſigns of the love

---the inexpreſſible love that warm'd my heart, charm'd with his ſpotleſs virtue. Ah my ſon! thy weeping mother muſt forever deplore thy death. O ſin, ſin, dreadful are thy inroads! what hideous forms doſt thou aſſume! ABEL! --- dear ABEL! I thy mother, thine unhappy mother---exquiſite woe! ---am alſo the mother of thy murderer! ---Here her ſpeech again failing, ſhe remain'd motionleſs on the cold corſe, void of ſenſation. When ADAM, with a deep ſigh, cry'd, How am I abandon'd! All around me is a gloomy deſart. Nature ſeems to have chang'd her face. No longer ſhe ſmiles on me. Alas! he is dead! --- he who fill'd my life with ſoft conſolation, ſweet pleaſure, and gladdening hope, is no more! Dear ABEL! is it true that thou art dead? Is it---can it be true that it was CAIN---that horror of nature! who--O GOD! thou beholdeſt our extreme deſolation. Oh pardon, pardon our

lamentations! forgive us that we lie mourning in the duſt like a worm (and what are we more in thy ſight?) pardon us though we mourn in the duſt like the trampled worm, half cruſh'd by the heedleſs foot of the paſſenger.

ADAM now ſtood pale and ſilent at the ſtatue of Grief on a moſſy tomb ſurrounded with funeral cypreſs. At length he turn'd to the body of his murder'd ſon, and ſtooping to EVE, gently withdrew her feeble hand from the corpſe, and preſs'd it with ardor to his breaſt. EVE, my dear companion, awake, ſaid he, hanging over her: awake, dear ſpouſe, awake. Turn thy looks on me! Ceaſe to waſh with thy tears the inſenſible duſt. Sink not thus under the weight of thy grief. Has thy ſorrow for thy ſon ſtifled all tenderneſs, all concern for me, thine huſband? Turn, dear ſpouſe, turn thy looks on me! It is juſt that we

ſhould feel, keenly feel our loſs: that the horrors of death ſhould terrify us. That we ſhould mourn the fatal conſequences of our ſin: but to be thus overcome by grief; thus overpower'd by dejection, is criminal. It is as if we reproach'd ETERNAL JUSTICE as puniſhing with too much ſeverity. O EVE! give not way to this culpable deſpair, leſt DIVINE MERCY, irritated by our obſtinacy, ſhould deem us unworthy of conſolation. EVE immediately turn'd her face from the body towards ADAM, and raiſing her humid eyes to Heaven, ſaid, Forgive, O GOD! forgive my grief, pardon my tears! Do you, my deareſt ſpouſe, my love, my life, forgive my ſorrow! My diſtreſs is beyond all words! yet thou ſtill lov'ſt me --- me who ſeduc'd thee to commit the crime we now deplore. Thou hateſt me not, though this frightful murder of one of thy ſons by the other, is the reſult of my

tranſgreſſion. Ah ADAM! let me weep in thine arms, let me once more weep on my child's body, and mingle my tears with his blood! She then preſs'd her face bedew'd with tears on ADAM's hand.

Thus griev'd and lamented the parents of the human race over the firſt dead; when ADAM caſting his dejected eyes around, beheld at a diſtance one of the celeſtial meſſengers: the fragrant flowers which ſprung up at each ſtep, indicated the light veſtiges of his feet. His ſerene brow anounc'd peace: conſolation, amity and affection ſmil'd on his lips and cheeks; and the ſweetneſs of his eyes ſpoke ſympathizing complacency. A white veſture, brighter than the clouds which ſurround the nocturnal planet, flutter'd in waving folds on his beauteous form. The angel advanc'd towards them, while his preſence ſeem'd to enliven with

freſher verdure the ſmiling country, EVE, ſaid the father of men, raiſe thine eyes, dry thy tears, ſuppreſs thy ſighs: behold! one of the children of Heaven is coming to comfort us. See with what graceful benignity he approaches! Already a ray of divine conſolation has darted into my benighted ſoul. Already my heart has loſt part of the oppreſſive load under which it groan'd. I acquieſce, O my GOD! in Thine appointments: I adore Thy judgments: with gratitude and love I acknowledge Thy mercies. Weep no more EVE. Riſe, let us meet the friendly angel.

EVE, ſupported by her ſpouſe, aroſe, and the bright ſpirit ſtood before them. He regarded with attention the firſt prey of death; but ſoon turn'd his eyes on ADAM and EVE, whoſe faces now reflected the luminous brightneſs of the angel; and in a ſweet and harmonious voice ſaid, Be bleſt, O ye who are

weeping over the ſpoils of death in your ſon. May ye be bleſt! The MOST HIGH hath permitted me to viſit ye in your affliction. Among the angels who are commiſſion'd to watch over and guard the inhabitants of this earth, none lov'd ABEL more than I. I was conſtantly near him, when the orders of the ETERNAL did not oblige me to be abſent. When his exalted ſoul, inflam'd with the love of virtue, vented its rapturous ſenſations in tears of holy joy, or in devout hymns, which the tutular ſpirits diſdain'd not to repeat in their concerts, I inſpir'd him with ſuch ideas of his future felicity, as it was poſſible he could be ſuſceptible of while united to his duſt. Weep not for him; mourn not for him, like the children of Deſpair. He is happy. His immortal ſoul ſurvives. Let this ſoften your grief. Death has only detach'd it from a weak and frail body. Without interruption or incumbrance, he

now enjoys whatever can delight a wiſe and good being. His happineſs far exceeds all you can imagine, while you only ſee through the dark medium of the ſenſes. He is with the angels and archangels before the throne of GOD. Yet weep, my friends; he well deſerv'd your love. Lament your loſs; but let his unſpeakable gain ſoon dry your tears. You are not ſeparated for ever. Soon ſhall the Angel of Death viſit you alſo---ſoon will you be united to your beloved ſon, to part no more. The pale King of Terrors, will aſſume to each of you, a different form; but you will receive him as becomes the candidates for future happineſs, and welcome him as a friend long expected. Liſten, O ADAM! to the order of thy GOD. Reſtore this corruptible body to its origin the duſt: dig a pit, and cover it with earth. Thus ſpake the angel, while benevolence and pity appear'd in every look, and every geſture. Deſo-

lation fled. Deſpair was no more. Thus the pure water of a limpid ſpring refreſhes the ſpent traveller, who, having long trod the ſcorching ſands of the deſart, pants with thirſt, and fainting under the ſun's too ardent rays, is ſinking to the earth: but no ſooner has he drank the cryſtaline draught, than he reſts his fatigu'd limbs in peace on the brink, and feels a freſh recruit of ſtrength. He riſes with new vigour, and following the ſtream's murmuring courſe through a fertile country, at length arrives at ſome hoſpitable manſion, whoſe friendly proprietor entertains him with generous munificence under embowering ſhades.

ADAM, whoſe ſoul was calm'd and reviv'd by noble and elevated ſentiments, viewing the dazzling luſtre of the angel, as he withdrew, ſaid, Accept of our grateful thanks, celeſtial friend! Prais'd, prais'd forever be Thy

name, O GOD MOST HIGH! Thy loving-kindneſs, Thy tender mercies are not withdrawn from the ſinner. Thou with compaſſion doſt behold our diſtreſs: Thou commandeſt Thine angels to enlighten our ſouls, and bring us comfort. No longer will we mourn in the duſt---no longer will we deſpair, like the ſpirits of darkneſs, who are baniſh'd from Thine all-enlivening preſence. We are ſtill ſurrounded by Thy bounties: ſtill permitted to praiſe Thee, to ſupplicate Thy favour, to adore Thy wiſdom, to celebrate Thy goodneſs. Thus ennobled, ſhall we repine and murmur at Thy diſpenſations, if the thorns and briars of affliction are ſcattered in the way of our pilgrimage, to the boſom of our FATHER, the dwelling of our GOD! We cannot, indeed, entirely reſtrain our tears for the happy deceas'd: we muſt regret his being thus ſuddenly ſnatch'd from our embraces: but alas! the un-

happy criminal ought rather to be the object of our grief, the ſubject of our moſt earneſt prayers. O GOD! what an alleviation would it be to our ſorrows, if we dar'd to hope that Thy mercy had not caſt him off forever. O my MAKER! he unhappy---he miſerable, is the firſt fruit of my loins---the firſt whom EVE brought forth with pain. Let us not ceaſe, my deareſt ſpouſe, to implore the tender mercies of our GOD for him. We will not doubt his loving-kindneſs: we ourſelves were ſinners: we were unworthy of his infinite grace: yet he has encourag'd us to confide in his promiſes. When all trembling we expected eternal chaſtiſement, little did we hope for mercy. But let us not defer to execute the command of the LORD. I will carry this dear body to our dwelling, and there commit the precious duſt to the earth.

O ADAM! O my love! return'd EVE; my ſoul emerges from over-whelming ſorrow, conſcious of my own weakneſs, I ſupport myſelf by thy ſtrength, as the flexible ivy clings to the firm oak.

ADAM now, by the aſſiſtance of his weeping ſpouſe, lifted the corpſe on his ſhoulders, and ſighing under the ſad burden, ſlowly mov'd towards his dwelling, while EVE walk'd weeping by his ſide.

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK V.

NOW THIRZA, whoſe ſleep had been diſturb'd by terrifying viſions, open'd her eyes to the bright luminary of day, and precipitately quitted her bed. So leaps up the affrighted traveller who ſpent with fatigue, had laid himſelf down under the ſhelter of a rock, when a terrifying dream ſuggeſted by his guardian angel, repreſents to him the rock falling over his head,

trembling he haſtens from the dangerous ſpot; an inſtant after the huge maſs falls with hideous noiſe. He ſeeks the companion of his toilſome journey; but alas! he is cruſh'd under the ruins. Not leſs agitated was the wife of ABEL. What frightful images, ſaid ſhe, has paſs'd before me, while I ſlept! They reſemble nothing in nature. Welcome chearful light, thou haſt ſcatter'd them. Hail, ye glowing flowers, ſweet objects of my attentive care, your various odours, which the morning ſun exhales, will refreſh my fatigu'd brain; and ye joyous inhabitants of the air, your ſoft melody will re-eſtabliſh ſerenity in my ſoul. I will join your morning ſong. I will join with reanimated Nature in praiſes to the MOST HIGH. CREATOR ALMIGHTY! SAVIOUR PROPICIOUS! my ſoul overpower'd by Thy goodneſs can but imperfectly expreſs the immenſity of thy benefits, and the extent of its gratitude. Thy ever-wak-

ing Providence guards Thy creatures, when covered by the veil of night, ſleep weighs down their eye-lids. May my grateful thanks ariſe to Thee, O GOD! Accept from a feeble worm the tribute of praiſe.

She now left her dwelling, and walk'd among the opening flowers, whoſe firſt ſweets were diffus'd by the morning breeze. My heart ſtill throbs, ſaid ſhe, ſtill anxiety is lodg'd in my breaſt. What mean theſe unuſual fears! an interior trembling ſeems to ſhake my very ſoul. My mind is darken'd like the heavens, when black clouds ſpread through the expance. Where art thou, ABEL? Where art thou, my beloved? Deareſt half of myſelf! I haſte, purſu'd by gloomy terrors, to loſe them in thine arms. I fly to thee with the ſpeed thou wouldſt fly, if benighted in a dark foreſt, thy feet were wing'd by fear.

Having thus ſpoke, ſhe redoubled her pace, when MAHALA ſeeing her, ran from her cottage to meet her. I ſalute thee, my dear ſiſter, ſhe cry'd; Whither art thou going in ſuch haſte, with thine hair diſorder'd, without ornament; not ſo much as one flower? I go, reply'd THIRZA, to throw myſelf in the arms of my beloved. Unuſual terrors have this night diſturb'd my ſleep, and my labouring heart is ſtill oppreſs'd by ſad apprehenſions, which the ſerenity of this delightful morning is not able to diſperſe. But though the blooming day; though the ſmiles of Nature cannot diſpel my fears, I ſhall loſe them in the gladdening preſence of my huſband; I therefore run to caſt myſelf in his arms.

The ſpouſe of CAIN reply'd with a ſigh, Happy, happy ſiſter! alas! I have no ſuch ſweet reſource. I ſhould be loſt to all conſolation, were it not for

a father who loves me, and a tender mother to whom I am dear; were it not for thee, my kind ſiſter, and thine amiable huſband. Yes, with you I loſe part of the load of woe that CAIN's diſcontent heaps on my wretched head. To him unhappy! all the beauties of nature are only ſources of melancholy, and he continually regrets the labour which his fertile fields ſo abundantly repay. But, my deareſt THIRZA, above all I lament his unkind and cauſeleſs diſlike to our gentle brother. MAHALA now melted into tears. THIRZA wept alſo, and tenderly embracing her, reply'd, Penetrated by the ſame idea, ABEL and I ſpend many anxious hours in bewailing his inveterate hatred. Our reſource is in the hand of Heaven. Often in ſleepleſs nights we ſend up our moſt fervent petitions to GOD, that a beam of his grace may diſperſe the dark clouds from his breaſt; that every baneful weed may be rooted

out from his heart, leſt they choak all principles of humanity and virtue. Ah my ſiſter! was thy huſband kind and gentle, again would peace ſmile--- again would pleaſure bleſs our dwellings, and we ſhould no longer with pain behold the brow of our venerable father wrinkled by care, nor the eyes of our fond mother ſwell'd with weeping.

MAHALA, ſtill in tears, anſwer'd, This, this is alſo the ſubject of my inceſſant prayer. When the earth is cover'd with darkneſs, while all nature is huſh'd, I bewail in ſilence the harſh obduracy of my ſpouſe, and pray to the LORD to molify and ſoften his heart. Sometimes the agony of my ſoul burſts forth, in ſpite of myſelf, in ſobs and groans. Then he awakes, and in a terrifying voice accuſes me of depriving him of ſleep, the only good he enjoys on this wretched earth, ſo ſeverely accurs'd by the ALMIGHTY AVENGER

of ſin. My deareſt ſiſter! this too is the employment of my mind while my hands are buſy'd in domeſtic labour. My innocent children, playing round me, obſerve my tears, and demand with infantine careſſes, why I weep. Ah THIRRA! THIRZA! I am faded by grief like a young flower when the thick branches of ſome neighbouring tree intercept from it the ſun's all-chearing rays. My unhappy huſband this very day left our dwelling before the dawn. His looks were terrible. Never did I ſee ſo dark a gloom on his countenance. Anger flaſh'd from his eyes: his brows were knit by rage. Froze with horror, I heard him as he went forth curſe the hour of his birth. This, my ſiſter, was his ſalute to ſo fine a morning. 'Tis true, I have not loſt all hope; for ſometimes, (and thou thyſelf haſt obſerv'd it) his virtue breaks through the gloom, and his mind is open to the ſoft ſentations of ſocial love.

Then he acknowledges that he has injur'd us, aſks forgiveneſs, and ſeeks reconciliation. But alas! too ſoon the light withdraws; as in the tempeſtuous days of winter the ſun darts a cheering ray, and is inſtantly hid from our eyes by the cloſing clouds. Let us hope, THIRZA, that as mild ſpring reſtores light and joy to all nature, ſo the heart of my unhappy huſband may be reſtor'd to light and peace. For this we will inceſſantly petition Heaven. I have always nouriſh'd this hope in the bottom of my heart.

Thus ſpake MAHALA, when THIRZA pale and trembling cry'd, What mournful ſound is that?---it comes from yonder trees---it is not the cry of pain---from yonder trees---O my ſiſter!----MAHALA!----alas! it comes nearer---O my GOD!---THIRZA was now ſinking to the ground, but her alarm'd ſiſter ſupported her in her arms.

ADAM, with tottering ſteps was coming from behind the trees, bending under the ſad load of his ſon's lifeleſs body. EVE walk'd by his ſide: ſometimes ſhe turn'd her face, faded by grief, towards the bloody corſe: then hid it under her hair dropping with her tears.

THIRZA continued pale and motionleſs in the trembling arms of MAHALA, who was herſelf ready to ſink under the weight of her ſhe endeavour'd to ſuſtain. Thus three amiable virgins, (but none ever felt ſuch fond affection) in a ſummer's eve walk hand in hand over the variagated fields. Sudden the thunder roars, the rapid lightning tears the earth under their feet: terrify'd they fall; but ſoon recovering from their ſurprize, two of them riſe, the third a cinder. The ſurvivers are ſtruck with new horror, more dreadful than that caus'd by the thunder.

This was the ſituation of the two daughters of ADAM, when, a little recovering, they beheld the corpſe of him they lov'd. The afflicted father had laid it on the graſs, and was ſupporting in his arms his fainting wife, who, weaken'd by grief, was near falling to the earth. Where am I? cry'd THIRZA. O my GOD! where am I?---How he lies!---ABEL---Why did I awake? Hateful light!---Ah unhappy that I am!---MAHALA!---Ah me miſerable!---See, ſee, my ſiſter, he lies dead!---Sight horrible!---Light hateful!---Why did I awake?

THIRZA, cry'd MAHALA, in a tremulous voice; let us not give way to vain terrors---to me---to me alſo the idea is dreadful as the forked lightning.---Ah! ſhe again faints---Awake THIRZA----awake---Let us go to him. He is not dead: thy voice, thine embraces will rouze him from ſleep.

After theſe words, the two ſiſters, leaning on each other, dragg'd their enfeebled limbs towards the body. Oh! my father, Oh my mother! how they weep!---What dreadful terrors ſeize me! cry'd THIRZA, as ſhe approach'd near the corpſe. ABEL!---ABEL!---my beloved!---my joy!---my life!---my huſband!---awake!---Ah unutterable woe! he awakes not!---ABEL!--hear my plantive cries---the groans of thy diſtreſs'd wife!---She then caſt herſelf on the body, to embrace it with extended arms; but at the ſight of the blood, and fatal wound ſhe, giving a terrifying ſhriek, fell on the earth without voice, motion, or ſign of life; pale and cold as him ſhe mourn'd. Diſpair was ſeen in her open and fix'd eyes. Near her ſat on the earth MAHALA, diſſolv'd in tears: wringing her hands, ſhe ſometimes rais'd her weeping eyes to Heaven; ſometimes ſhe fix'd them

with eager attention on the bloody corpſe.

ADAM whoſe deep grief was augmented by the ſorrows of his daughters, eſſay'd to conſole them. O my dear children! O THIRZA! O MAHALA! ſaid he: would to GOD that my anguiſh could keep from pain the hearts of thoſe I love: but, my beloved, hear me; liſten to the ſoft ſounds of conſolation. While EVE and I were weeping over this dear body, an angel replete in beauty came to us. He was commiſſion'd from the MOST HIGH to ſooth our ſorrows. Weep not, ſaid he, be comforted. He whom you lament ſtill exiſts. He has only left this frail covering of duſt. Diſengag'd from a mortal body, his ſoul is more happy than ye can conceive, while your ſouls are envellopp'd in their earthly covering. Ye are not ſeparated forever: in a little time ye ſhall be reunited, ye ſhall enjoy

with him torrents of delight, of which your groſs ſenſes can give you no idea. Let us not, my THIRZA---let us not MAHALA, profane the funeral of the happy, by our inconſolable lamentations----Let us not offend the ALMIGHTY by our deſpair.

THIRZA ſtill remain'd without ſenſe or motion, while the wife of CAIN, elevating her join'd hands above her head, thus expreſs'd her grief, O my father! why do you blame our tears? Can we forbear to weep? Can we forbear to lament, while he lies before our eyes extended, cold, and dead? O thou, our conſolation! our joy! O ABEL! thou art loſt to us, and our ſweeteſt employment will be to weep for thee till the hour of death. Yes, thou art in the poſſeſſion of never ending happineſs and glory; thou enjoyeſt that beatitude after which thy holy ſoul ſo ardently panted: thou wilt for

ever join with the angels in their ſong of praiſe to the MOST high. We too hope to partake of thy felicity, when our ALL-MERCIFUL GOD ſhall call us from our ſad exile, this houſe of ſorrow render'd more deſolate by thy loſs. Ah ABEL! ah my brother! thou art loſt to us, and our ſweeteſt employment will be to weep for thee till the wiſh'd for hour of death. Where wert thou, CAIN, my ſpouſe? where wert thou, when my brother dy'd? Hadſt thou even then given him the fraternal embrace, and ſought his forgiveneſs, with what affection would he have caſt his weak arms around thee! though expiring, he would have bleſt thee, and implor'd for thee the DIVINE conſolations with his dying lips. What a ſweet relief would this remembrance have been to thy ſorrows! How would it have ſoften'd the griefs of thy future days! But---O my mother!---what new woe makes thine eyes ſtream?---

O my father! ſpeak---ſpeak, I conjure thee---Why this horror on thy countenance?---No. anſwer!---O my tortur'd heart!---Where---ſay where, O my father!---ſay, O my mother! where is CAIN, my huſband?

EVE reply'd, O my child! who knows where, purſu'd by divine vengeance---Ah my GOD!---the unhappy---but what do I ſay?---I tremble to ſpeak it---he---he---ah me, unhappy mother! Horrid---deteſtable ideas, tear not thus my wretched boſom! Ah miſerable parent that I am! why---he---Ah my mother! interrupted MAHALA, ſpare me not---ſpare me not, I conjure thee, O my mother! On me---on me let the tempeſt fall---I am already cruſh'd; already torn by fright-apprehenſions. CAIN---O Heavens! CAIN has---Kill'd him! cry'd EVE. Ah MAHALA! Ah THIRZA! CAIN

kill'd him! Her exceſſive grief then took from her the power of ſpeech.

MAHALA was ſtruck mute with terror. Her immoveable eyes ſhed no tears. The cold ſweat trickled down her pale face, and her trembling lips were diſcolour'd. At length ſhe cry'd out in agony, He kill ABEL!---CAIN, my huſband, kill his brother!---Where art thou fratricide? where?---Where, Oh where has thy guilt purſu'd thee? Has the thunder of God aveng'd thy brother?---Doſt thou ceaſe to exiſt?---Where art thou, moſt miſerable? To what country of deſpair art thou fled, follow'd by the curſe of GOD? Thus rav'd MAHALA, tearing her hair.

Barbarous fratricide! viſe murderer! exclaim'd THIRZA; how couldſt thou kill ſo kind a brother; who, doubtleſs, when expiring under the mortal blow given by thy cruel hand, regarded thee

with eyes full of love?---Ah CAIN, curſt---curſt be---O my ſiſter! O THIRZA! cry'd MAHALA, interrupting her, curſe him not, he is thy brother!---he is my huſband! Rather let us implore for him the mercies of GOD. I am ſure, when falling in his blood, the holy victim of his fury caſt on him an eye of compaſſion, and I doubt not but now intercedes for him before the eternal throne. Let our prayers aſcend from the duſt, and join thoſe of the happy. O curſe him not, THIRZA---curſe not thy brother.

Whither does the exceſs of my grief tranſport me? anſwer'd THIRZA. I did not curſe him, my ſiſter. I have not curs'd the unhappy. Then reclining on the corpſe, ſhe kiſs'd the blood-beſprinkled cheeks, the cold and livid lips. She remain'd long ſilent, indulging fruitleſs ſorrow. At length ſhe cry'd with a faint and interrupted

voice, Would to GOD, my beloved, I had at thy death! kiſs'd thy quivering lips; heard the laſt expreſſions of thy love; ſeen thy laſt tender look, and receiv'd thy laſt embrace.---Oh that I had then expir'd within thine arms!---but alas! I am left a prey to unutterable ſorrow. Every object that us'd to inſpire delight will now encreaſe my woes. Ye ſhady bowers, ye now are deſolate, ye can now only inſpire me with terror: I ſhall think you aſk for him who in your ſweet retreats was wont to embrace me in tender rapture. The murmuring fountains will enquire what is become of my beloved; left forlorn, I can no more taſte of joy. The ſhades, the ſtreams, the hills, the plains alike to me are hateful. Alas! no more I ſee with fond delight, him that made all lovely. I ſhall, indeed, ſtill behold him; but oh diſtreſſing object! I ſhall behold theſe wan cheeks, theſe fix'd and ſight-

leſs eyes, this clotted blood, this dreadful wound. Flow, flow my tears, forever flow on this pale face. What dignity once appear'd on this faded countenance! the charms of ſoft perſuaſion dwelt on theſe cold and ſtiffen'd lips! Every beauty, every grace ſhone in his lovely form: but his ſoul too pure, too holy to converſe with mortals, to converſe with me, is fled forever! Stream my eyes, ſtream without ceaſing on this wither'd corpſe, till my longing ſoul leaves its duſt with his.

Thus lamented THIRZA, while her tears ran on the ſenſeleſs body. EVE's grief was encreas'd by the ſorrows of her daughters. My deareſt children ſhe cry'd, ceaſe, I intreat you ceaſe thus to tear my heart! Your tears, your ſighs and groans augment my miſery! they are to me the moſt cutting reproaches! 'Tis I, 'tis I that have fill'd the ſouls of thoſe I love with anguiſh! My folly,

my guilt has undone us all! I, alas! introduc'd ſin and death! forgive me, O my children! forgive your afflicted mother! I conjure you, by the pangs I ſuffer'd to bring you into the world, to forgive me! Ceaſe to tear my heart by your immoderate ſorrow. MAHALA and THIRZA ran to her; they embrac'd her knees, and with looks of duteous affection, ſaid, O our mother! our deareſt mother! who brought us forth with pain! whoſe kind cares guarded us in helpleſs infancy! aggravate not our diſtreſs by thy deſpair. We meant not, by our complaints to reproach thee, our dear, our tender mother. We love, we reverence, we honour thee, but we cannot command our grief: it will burſt from our boſoms and eyes in ſighs and tears. How can we reſtrain theſe expreſſions of a love the moſt tender! they are the voice of nature.

They ſtill claſp'd their mother's knees, while their weeping eyes were tenderly fix'd on her's, when ADAM ſaid, O my beloved! let us no longer defer reſtoring this precious duſt to the earth, as the LORD our GOD hath commanded. The lenient hand of Time will abate our grief and dry our tears. Victorious Reaſon will teach us to conquer this unavailing Sorrow. We ſhall long, ardently long to partake of his happineſs, as the bride wiſhes for the day that is to unite her to her beloved. Yes, commit this dear body to its parent earth, reply'd THIRZA, turning her pale and faded face to ADAM: but ſuffer me, O my father! to weep a little longer ere it is hid forever, on the dear, the precious duſt! Suffer me once more to preſs the cold clay to my breaſt. At theſe words ſhe threw herſelf with extended arms on the corpſe.

ADAM now began to dig a pit in the earth, while EVE and MAHALA ſtood weeping near him. When the golden hair'd ELIEL, and little JOSIAH, CAIN's two infant ſons, approach'd hand-in hand to the ſpot where lay the body. Brother---JOSIAH---ſaid ELIEL, who's that ſobs ſo loud? Let's go nearer, brother. Ah that's ABEL!---'tis ABEL, our uncle!---How pale he is!---His hair is all bloody!---He lies like a lamb going to be burnt on the altar!---My dear ELIEL! reply'd JOSIAH; ſee how THIRZA weeps for him!---He don't mind her tears!---He don't look at her!---I tremble---I am frighted---Let us run to our mother.---See, ſee, ſhe weeps too! They now haſted to MAHALA, on the other ſide the grave, and clinging about her ſaid, O mother! why do you weep? Why does ABEL lie there? Why is he all bloody, like a lamb for ſacrifice? MAHALA tenderly embrac'd the infants, while her tears ran on their

little heads; and ſaid, My dear children! death has taken his ſoul from the body. It is carry'd up to Heaven, to dwell there with GOD and his angels, where it will be forever happy. Then he will wake no more! reply'd ELIEL, burſting into tears: He will never awake! ---never! He that lov'd us ſo tenderly, and us'd to ſet us on his knee, and tell JOSIAH and me ſuch fine ſtories about GOD, the angels, and the wonders of Nature. Ah brother!---ah JOSIAH! we ſhall never more hear ABEL ſing hymns! He will talk to us no more! ---He will never, never wake! How our father will weep for him, when he comes from the field!---How pale!--- how frightful! The terrify'd children now hid their faces in the folds of their mother's veſtment.

ADAM having finiſh'd digging the grave, Wake thou, ſaid he to THIRZA: wake my beloved. Let us obey the

DIVINE command, and return the duſt to its mother Earth. Wake, my THIRZA, he continu'd, and tenderly took her hand to raiſe her from the corpſe. She had been in a kind of trance on the body of her huſband, and now wak'd from the holy viſion. Yes, I have ſeen him !---I have ſeen him ! ſhe cry'd as ſhe aroſe. He came to me ſhining in celeſtial luſtre. Weep not, he ſaid; weep not, my deareſt THIRZA ! I am happy. Soon ſhalt thou partake my bliſs in the abodes of felicity and glory, where there is no death to ſeparate us. At theſe words he diſappear'd, having caſt on me a divine ſmile; and an heavenly light mark'd the traces of his feet. Thus ſhe ſpoke, and conſolation ſublime illumin'd her viſage. Inter, O my father ! inter, ſaid ſhe, this covering of duſt. And immediately went to her mother and ſiſter. They all three hid their faces under their diſhevell'd treſſes, while ADAM wrapt in ſkins the body of

his ſon. He laid it in the pit, and cover'd it with earth, and then ſaid, Let us, my dear wife! Let us, my beloved children! adore the MOST HIGH before this grave of the firſt dead. They now all proſtrated themſelves before the grave, little ELIEL and his brother kneeling on each ſide their mother, and the father of men pronounc'd in a loud voice this prayer, with his arms devoutly folded on his breaſt.

O Thou who dwelleſt in the higheſt Heaven, GOD! CREATOR! JUSTICE ETERNAL! GOODNESS INFINITE! behold us proſtrate before the grave of our beloved ſon. We ſinners kneel before Thee in the duſt. O may our prayers aſcend to Thy celeſtial throne! Look with an eye of compaſſion on us, O GOD! in this valley of death, this abode of ſin. Our iniquities are great, but Thine infinite goodneſs is ſtill greater. We are polluted in Thy

ſight: Thou beholdeſt our impurities, yet Thou haſt not turn'd thy face from us: Thou ſtill vouchſafeſt to look on us in our miſery with a propitious eye. Thou permitteſt us to implore Thee. Thou haſt not abandon'd the ſinner. Eternal praiſes riſe to Thee! Thy works, O GOD, render Thee praiſe! The beauties of ſpring, the ſerenity of the heavens ſhew forth Thy beneficence: the loud voice of Thy thunders, the rattling hail, the howling ſtorm, proclaim Thy power. Smiling joy glorifies Thee: Thy juſtice is alſo glorify'd by the tears of ſorrow. We have beheld the ſon of Sin, frightful Death. He is come to our dwelling, in a form moſt hideous. Guilt led him by the hand, the earth groan'd, and black tempeſts gather'd round the direful pair. The firſt fruit of my loins ---ah! I tremble---my firſt-born has imbru'd his hands in his brother's blood! O GOD Merciful and Gracious! tho'

I preſume to ſupplicate Thee for him, turn not Thy face from me. O GOD of Clemency! caſt him not off forever. When he mourns in the duſt for his offences, when he trembles at his crime, when overwhelm'd by torturing remorſe, he weeps, he groans, and proſtrates himſelf with deep contrition before Thee, O my GOD! look with a pitying eye on his miſery: commiſerate his deſpair, and aſſuage his anguiſh, by Thy divine conſolations. O my MAKER! caſt him not off for ever. Reject not, O GOD! reject not the preſumptuous petition! May our prayers, our cries aſcend to Thy ſublime throne, from this grave of the firſt dead. We have, according to Thy command, reſtor'd the periſhing duſt to the earth. Hear us LORD!---LORD hear us! while we cry unto Thee in behalf of our firſt-born. Let him not periſh in Thy wrath: for this grace, O GOD! we will ſupplicate Thee at

the riſing and ſetting-ſun: in the ſilent hours of night, when all nature is huſh'd to reſt, we will implore Thee for him. O GOD of Conſolation caſt him not off forever! Eternal praiſes be render'd to Thee, who haſt receiv'd the ſoul of the happy deceas'd into the regions of never ending felicity. Death has ſeiz'd his firſt victim. We ſhall follow one after another to the dark and ſilent grave; but ador'd be Thy loving-kindneſs, ador'd be Thy tender mercies, we ſhall likewiſe follow him to the realms of immortality and bliſs. O Thou who created the heavens! at whoſe word this world aroſe from nothing! they ſhall periſh, the heavens and the earth ſhall paſs away; but Thou art eternal. We dwell in bodies of duſt. This duſt ſhall be diſſolv'd; but Thou art unchangeable, and wilt raiſe to glory the ſinner who deplores his crimes, and the righteous man who mourns that

his virtues are mix'd with imperfections, and his higheſt attainments fully'd by human frailty. Thou wilt gather them together out of the duſt, to beſtow on them eternal joys, angelic purity: for---O promiſe ineffable! the ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head. Leap for joy, O earth! chant forth the praiſes of the MOST HIGH, all nature. We will glorify his name in the midſt of calamity. Man is fallen: he is degraded from his original dignity: but glory be to GOD, he hath not caſt him off---he has not rejected him forever: his mercy beholds the work of his hands from his ſeat of judgement: He fell, whom GOD created upright, yet when after his fatal tranſgreſſion, the ſinner full of anguiſh ſtood trembling in fearful expectation of an eternal curſe, and what leſs could he expect? then (let men and angels celebrate the glorious myſtery) then the ALMIGHTY pronounc'd

that the ſeed of the woman ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head. Myſtery ſublime! myſtery profound! wrapt in an holy obſcurity, which no finite being can penetrate: but full of divine conſolations. The ſinner is reconcil'd to GOD; the offender is reſtor'd to peace and hope. Shall man then lament in the duſt; ſhall he groan in deſpair, if the dream of life is alternately fill'd with joy and ſorrow? Death approaches, it ſhall break the ſhackles of the ſoul, and free it from the conſequences of a juſt malediction. Then thoſe, who, while cloth'd in duſt, forgot not their original purity, who lov'd virtue, who lov'd GOD, who kindled in their hearts the ſeraphic flame, ſhall be aſſembled together in the manſions on high, to enjoy there inceſſant, eternal felicity.---I ſee them! the holy aſſembly are preſent to my view, numerous beyond computing, pure as the flame which deſcends on the ſacred altar! They

ſtand ſurrounded by angels before the throne. They behold the face of GOD. They delight in his goodneſs. Beatific viſion! tranſporting proſpect! How is my ſoul rais'd! how is my heart expanded! Raptures before unknown! O Goodneſs infinite! Grace inexpreſſible! Loſt in thine immenſity, the firſt archangel can but imperfectly expreſs his ſenſations: man can---only feel them.

ADAM ceas'd to ſpeak; but continu'd in ſilent extaſy, proſtrate on the earth: his wife and daughters ſtill kneeling at his ſide. Nature herſelf obſerv'd the ſame ſilence; all was ſerene; not a cloud paſs'd over them through the lucid ſky.

Now came on "mild evening clad in "ſober grey," while every breeze was huſh'd. During this perfect calm, CAIN, purſu'd by guilt, was agitated

with fear, horror, remorſe and ſad diſmay. He rov'd from place to place, he wander'd in the deſarts, till ſpent with fatigue, he ſat down facing the riſing moon, and thus the voice of his deſpair diſturb'd the peaceful ſilence that reign'd over all nature. There beyond that dark hill the moon begins her courſe, ſpreading around a faint light. All under the ſtarry expance imbibe new life from invigorating ſleep; man only wakes. My accurſed hand has driven from his dwelling peace and reſt. The voice of grief and lamentation aſcends from the cottages. 'Tis I---'tis I, miſerable! that have brought affliction to their abodes. The cries, the groans of my bewailing parents riſe to Heaven as ſo many accuſations againſt me. This day---this accurſed day, hear it, O Moon! turn pale and hide thy beams. Hear it, ye Stars! and ſet in darkneſs. This day the earth has drank the blood of the firſt ſlain,

ſhed by my unnatural hand. Henceforth withold from me your precious influences, bright luminaries! Curs'd on the ground I tread, baniſh'd from the chearful face of man. Hide me, hide me in gloomy darkneſs. I have ſhed my brother's blood: I have torn the heart of him that begat me; I have fill'd with deſpair the breaſt of her who brought me forth and nouriſh'd my infancy. Hide me from the eyes of Nature, I have trampled on her dictates. I will fly---fly with my miſery, ſad companion! to ſome deſart region, where no human foot has mark'd the faded graſs. I will dwell among rocks and precipices, where putrid water trickles in tears from the ſteeps into the ſwampy abodes of loathſome reptiles: where birds of prey build their neſts; where ſavage beaſts devour their bloody carnage: alas! even theſe will abhor me, they kill no brothers! Shade me darkneſs from the chearing ſky;

ſhade me ſome horrid gloom from the ſight of every creature: there let me lament my cruelty: there howl out my deſpair. When ſleep overcomes me, terrors will preſent themſelves to my imagination: I ſhall behold my murther'd brother: I ſhall ſee his wounded head---his clotted blood.

Thus CAIN bewail'd his wretchedneſs. He ceas'd, and ſat abandon'd to mute grief. No bird of night diſturb'd the awful ſtillneſs; frighted by ſounds of human woe, they fled in ſilence; a gentle murmur only floated through the air. Again he vents his ſorrows, and caſting his melancholy eyes around, he cries, Pity me, ye words! Weep for me, ye fields! no words can deſcribe my miſery, and pity is due to miſery. O Nature, array'd in beauty! grieve for me---for me loſt to beauty, and to happineſs. Mourn for me each creature, ye taſte, ye feel the effica-

cious preſence of a Gracious GOD, to me no longer gracious! I feel his wrath, I tremble at his power. He is to me only GOD the AVENGER, the JUST AVENGER of my brother's blood. Forever will it cry againſt me: my puniſhment is endleſs.

He was now ſilent for ſome moments, then, with a deep ſigh, he ſaid, I weep! Can ſuch a wretch as I ſhed tears! Welcome precious drops, ye atteſt to me, that my miſeries are ſoften'd. The deſpair which had ſeiz'd my ſoul is chang'd to plaintive grief---to weeping ſorrow. Ah flow my tears! receive them, O earth! I am curs'd on thy ſurface, thou haſt drank my brother's blood, yet oh receive theſe tears that ſhew my unſpeakable diſtreſs!---What new emotions!----How is my heart ſoften'd!---My tears flow faſter---Yes, I will---Yes, while darkneſs hides me from every eye, I will away to the

dwellings of my afflicted parents, to poor THIRZA. I will go to all, and once more ſee them---once more bleſs them.---Bleſs them! the angry winds would diſperſe the ſalutations, as they came from my poluted lips. Ah fratricide, canſt thou pronounce a bleſſing, thyſelf accurs'd? I will however go and ſtrive to bleſs them in their grief. I will weep before them, and in the duſt deplore my guilt, and then---yes, then I fly forever from their reproaching eyes. Fly from thee, MAHALA! I fly forever from my children! Here his agony ſtifled his words, and he mov'd towards the cottages, watering with his tears the ſolitary way.

He was now paſſing a little grove planted by the hand of ABEL near the ſpring. CAIN then remember'd that his brother when he had completed his work, had ſaid with fond affection, Flouriſh ye trees! ſpread wide your

branches! may ye for ever bloom! that under your refreſhing ſhade our deſcendants may in affectionate converſe relate to their offspring, what they will learn from us, ſaying, Here EVE brought forth her firſt-born. Here ſhe ſooth'd with her carreſſes his infant cries, him the firſt ſolace in her ſad exile. Here ſhe view'd him with inexpreſſible rapture. She call'd him CAIN, ſaying from the hand of the LORD have I receiv'd thee. The murderer paſs'd by this monument of his brother's tenderneſs with quicken'd ſtep: a remorſeful ſweat cover'd his averted face: his trembling knees could ſcarce ſuſtain his weight. Thus at the ſight of his father's grave trembles the parricide who with murtherous diſſimulation had invited the good old man, returning from the field, to refreſh himſelf with impoiſon'd viands. When he paſſes the tomb the ruſtling of the trees which ſurround it, the odours of the

garlands, with which his dutious ſiſters have crown'd the urn, raiſe a ſtorm in his guilty heart.

Now CAIN had paſs'd the terrifying grove, and drew near the cottages. The pale moon ſhed on them a feeble light through the trees, and melancholy ſilence reign'd around. He caſt on the dwellings his weeping eyes; he rais'd his hands to Heaven; he wrung them in ſpeechleſs agony. Conſcious guilt tore his now ſoften'd heart. Trembling he ſtood amidſt the dreary ſtillneſs. At length he utter'd in a low voice this impaſſion'd ſoliloquy. How quiet deep affliction reſts here!---Ah that murmur!---Are they not ſighs?---They came from the cottages---from the dwellings come thoſe piercing ejaculations of ſleepleſs grief! Here---here, ye once chearful manſions!---here trembling in darkneſs ſtands the wretch who has made you the abodes

of ſorrow---Here purſu'd by infernal horrors ſhudders in obſcurity, he who has chas'd from the habitations of thoſe who gave him life, peace, joy, and every domeſtic ſweet. Dare I breathe the air through which aſcends the ſighs of my mourning parents, my terrify'd wife, my widow'd ſiſter! Dare I appear in a ſpot conſecrated to juſt grief! ---grief for my crime!---Be gone--- polute not the reſidence of virtue.--- Yes, I go---I go far from you---But, let my eyes, hagger'd with deſpair, yet a little longer behold your dwellings. In pity to my unſpeakable anguiſh, allow me to weep here yet a little longer. Suffer me to raiſe to Heaven my bloody hands for your happineſs. Then I go---Hail, hail ye--- Ah wretch! wilt thou profane their ſacred names? Wilt thou polute with thy infected breath titles that expreſs the ſofteſt ties, the moſt exalted ſenſations of the human heart? Oh that with

the gloom of night your diſtreſs, your terrors might leave you to dwell in my wretched boſom, fit companions in my wanderings on an earth whoſe curſe I have encreas'd. Oh that I alone could endure the puniſhment due to my crime! May your memories never be diſturb'd by my horrid image! Oh that I myſelf could loſe all remembrance of myſelf! Dreadful wiſh of extreme deſolation!

CAIN having thus ſpoke, remain'd ſtill near the cottages. He groan'd, he rais'd his eyes to Heaven, when he heard the footſteps of one advancing ſlowly through the gloom. A cold ſhivering, like the agonies of death ſeiz'd his limbs. He ſtrove to fly; but in vain he ſtrove: he ſunk down trembling, without ſtrength among the buſhes.

THIRZA, this firſt night of her ſad widowhood, unable to ſleep, had quitted

her lonely bed. She left her cottage, and went to the grave of her huſband, where ſeating herſelf on the damp graſs, ſhe wept among the clods. She view'd with fix'd eyes the ſtarry firmament, then turning to the grave, ſaid, Here lies all that made life deſirable: all my repoſe, all my joy lies under this earth, which now imbibes my tears. Sleep has forſaken my weary'd eylids; no reſt remains for me. Flow on, flow on my tears, ye are my ſole conſolation: my melancholy hours ſhall be ſpent in bewailing thy loſs, my deareſt huſband! ---ſhall be ſpent near thy precious remains in gloomy ſadneſs. 'Tis true, I have ſeen thee---I have ſeen my beloved array'd in heavenly glory: but ah! I am depriv'd of his ſweet ſociety, of his tenderneſs, his endearing care, through the remainder of a life of calamity and wretchedneſs. In vain I try'd to reſt on the conjugal couch:

my ſpirits forſook me; I almoſt fainted, while the ſweet pledge of our love lay by me lock'd in the arms of ſleep. The little innocent ſmil'd in his guiltleſs ſlumbers. Alas! he knows not yet the woes of mortals --- he knows not his own irreparable loſs! Ah my infant! I deplore thy misfortune, forever depriv'd of a tender father, an inſtructor of thy childhood, a guide to thy youth, and the friend of thy riper years. Thy wretched mother a prey to keen diſtreſs, torn by heart-piercing anguiſh, will want the ſtrength ---will want the wiſdom to ſupply thy loſs. O my child, how are we bereav'd! How is every comfort raviſh'd from us! --- Horrid reflection! raviſh'd from us by the hand of a brother! Where is he? --- Where is the miſerable? --- Where has his remorſe---where has his deſpair driven him? O Thou INFINITE CLEMENCY!

GOD PROPITIOUS! deſpiſe not my ſupplications, turn not from my prayer, while with unweary'd fervor I entreat Thee for him. Hear him, O GOD of Grace and Conſolation, when he cries to thee from the duſt --- when in deep penitence and ſincere contrition of heart, he bewails his crime, and implores Thy mercy.

Her agony of ſoul now ſtopt her voice: but ſoon ſhe cry'd, as ſhe rais'd her weeping eyes to Heaven, Bright ſtar of night, often haſt thou been witneſs of our chaſte endearments, when thy ſoft light illum'd our path. Often haſt thou been witneſs to his ſublime converſe, when he deſcrib'd the charms of virtue; the delights of an approving conſcience. Thou now canſt only ſhed thy beams on his ſilent grave. Bury'd in this duſt lies every human excellence: the conſolation, the

hope, the joy of his weeping parents! Here ſleeps to wake no more, my love, my life, my huſband! She now continu'd long ſilent abandon'd to ſpeechleſs grief. At length, ſurveying the objects round her, ſhe fix'd her melancholy eyes on the fragrant encloſure, where ſhe and her dear companion us'd to paſs their moſt delightful hours. Ah! lovely bower! ſhe cry'd; thou now art ſolitary. In vain the pale moon pierces thy aromatic ſhades. There, dear departed ABEL! the ruddy evening ſaw thee pour forth thy ſoul in holy rapture. The remembrance of thine intenſe devotion, thy fervent piety, thy humble love, has lighted up in my heart a ſacred fervor. I will riſe above this grief. The darkneſs of my ſoul is diſpell'd by the dear remembrance, as the riſing moon chaſes from the horizon the gloom of night. O my beloved! in yonder ſweet retreat, how has de-

votion animated thine eyes! How wert thou rais'd above mortality, when thou, in the joyful exultation of thine heart ſaid, What an happineſs is it, my deareſt THIRZA, to be virtuous! What a privilege to be permitted to ſupplicate, to love him from whom all theſe beauties are but emanations! What an unſpeakable felicity, to be conſcious that the angels who ſurround us approve our actions! What, my beloved wife, he added, taking my hand, What delight is there in this beautiful creation, that can be compar'd to the conſtant aſſurance of the DIVINE preſence? ---- to the conſciouſneſs of virtue? To him who departeth not from his integrity, who panteth after perfection, death itſelf has loſt many of its terrors. We know---let the ſinner exult in the inexpreſſible mercy!----we know that it will only ſeparate the body from the immortal ſoul, which when eſcap'd from its

priſon of earth will wing its way to manſions of eternal joy. O my THIRZA! continu'd the dear departed ſaint, if I quit my duſt before thee---before thee remove to bliſs, ſhort and moderate be thy grief: weep not long over my periſhing clay. What are the days of this ſhort life, compar'd with eternity! We ſhall meet again in the realms of purity and joy, to part no more. Deareſt ABEL! I reply'd, while my tears flow'd, neither if I firſt leave my duſt, do thou give way to fruitleſs ſorrow: ſhed not many tears over my ſenſeleſs corpſe. We ſhall, my love, be reunited: we ſhall together enjoy everlaſting happineſs: we ſhall meet----Oh extaſy! never, never to part more!--O my ſoul! ſink not under thy grief. Sublime are the conſolations offer'd thee. Remember thy dignity---reflect on thine immortality --- look beyond the preſent calamity --- rejoice in the ſalvation that awaits thee. Didſt thou periſh with

the frail body, Where would be my hope? --- What could aſſuage my ſorrow?---Well might I lament over this grave---Well might I pray that an end were put to my wretched being---but ---I ſhall live forever! I will riſe above this diſpiriting grief. Yes, my deareſt huſband! if thy ennobled ſoul --- if thy angelic mind ſtill retaineſt any love, any concern for my happineſs, thou wilt be pleas'd to know that thy precepts, thine example has inſpir'd me with fortitude---has taught me to bear up under the unavoidable afflictions of mortality. Dear angel! if thou ſtill hovereſt over me, thou ſhalt be witneſs to my endeavours to repel this fruitleſs grief: but my tears ſtill flow---I cannot yet command my ſorrow. I muſt a little longer weep on this precious duſt. I will erect around the grave an arbour of cypreſs: under the melancholy ſhade I will mourn my loſs: but under it too will I contemplate, in holy

tranſport, on the happy moment, when I ſhall meet my beloved; when, like him, I ſhall be free from all impurity, all ſorrow, all ſin, and eternally out of the reach of death. This raviſhing proſpect will----it does abate my anguiſh. She now aroſe from the grave! but inſtantly cry'd, ſinking again on her knees, O horrid reflection, our brother murder'd him! O GOD OF GOODNESS! hear my ſupplications: ſhew favour to the unhappy ſinner: hear him when he cries to Thee: deſtroy him not, O GOD in thy wrath. Save him, O Gracious GOD!--ſave him from eternal perdition. My petitions for his final happineſs ſhall aſcend to Thee in in the early dawn. I will pray for him without ceaſing. He is ſtill my brother.---

CAIN, the prey of wild deſpair, lay trembling among the buſhes. Fly, he cry'd to himſelf, fly theſe holy dwell-

ings, odious monſter!---Ah! I cannot fly. I am ſurrounded by infernal horrors---Leave me, furies, leave me---Carry me, trembling feet, from this ſeat of virtue. I profane the ſacred place. Alas! I cannot fly, my ſtrength fails. A cold ſhivering has ſeiz'd my limbs---Oh that theſe were the laſt tremblings of nature! Unhappy that I am, I ſurvive to feel encreaſing anguiſh. How her lamentations pierce my ſoul! O Virtue, how ſublime are thy conſolations!--all loſt--forever loſt to me. No hope remains--I have ſinn'd beyond forgiveneſs--Ah! ſhe prays! ſhe prays for me!---for me who have fill'd her heart with ſorrow---Unexampled goodneſs! Ought ſhe not rather to call down curſes on my guilty head?---O torture! her virtue, her piety heighthens my deſpair. My miſeries are inſupportable. My crime appears in all its magnitude. Not the apoſtate ſpirits in the loweſt abyſs of Hell feel more

horror.--Thou pray for me, THIRZA! ---Thy raſh vows are all ſuperfluous. ---No, GOD will not hear thy prayers ---he is juſt.---Now ſhe retires from the grave of her huſband murder'd by my hand. Dare I tread the ſame path?----dare I weep on the traces made by her feet?---No---Retire, barbarous fratricide!---- Retire, bloody murderer! from the ſanctify'd ſpot.--- Fly, wretch, fly.---

Having thus ſpoke, he walk'd with haſty ſtep, but ſuddenly ſtopping, he cry'd, O MAHALA! how can I leave thee!---How can I leave ye forever, O my children! I will in the duſt deplore my crime before ye---before thee, MAHALA. Perhaps thou now ſhed'ſt tears of compaſſion for my miſery--- perhaps thou wilt bleſs me ſtill---But what do I ſay? curs'd of GOD, who will dare to bleſs me?---No, hate me, curſe me: I deſerve it---then I fly, ab-

horr'd of all, loaded with the curſe of GOD, and of all nature. Miſery extreme! Anguiſh inſupportable! I have no power to fly---I come, I come, my deareſt wife! to mourn before thee my guilt and wretchedneſs. I will weep at thy feet---I will implore thee to forgive my having chac'd peace from thine heart, and fill'd thy days with ſorrow. Then---yes, then---I fly from thee, MAHALA---I fly from you my children.

CAIN now paſs'd at a diſtance from the grave, and advanc'd towards his cottage. He frequently ſtopp'd as irreſolute. At length he came to his dwelling; but ſtood long without, pale and trembling. Then, with tottering and heſitating ſtep, he paſs'd the threſhold.

MAHALA was ſitting on her ſolitary bed, gazing with weeping eyes at the

pale moon, more pale herſelf than that ſtar when invelopp'd in clouds. Her infants were crying round her. At the ſight of her huſband ſhe gave a heart-piercing ſhriek, and fell on the bed ſenſeleſs. The terrify'd infants graſp'd the knees of CAIN, crying, O my father! help our dear mother. She is faint---ſhe is ſick with weeping for ABEL---He is dead---ADAM has put him in the ground, and cover'd him with duſt. Why was you ſo long a-coming home? You have work'd a long while. Dear father! comfort our mother. Overcome by the conflict of his various paſſions, CAIN could give no anſwer to the little innocents. He embrac'd them. He hugg'd them in his arms, while his tears ran on their faces. Then unable to ſupport his anguiſh, he fell on the earth, at the feet of his wife. The children now redoubled their cries, which awaken'd MAHALA from her ſwoon. She ſaw her weep-

ing husband on the earth. O CAIN! CAIN! she cry'd in a voice of despair, tearing her dishevell'd locks. MAHALA, interrupted CAIN, my dear MAHALA! forgive me---pardon the murderer of thy brother. This once allow me to weep before thee---this once let me cast myself in the dust at thy feet. Ah! I conjure thee to grant me this feeble consolation---this last hope of a misery that has no equal---only abstain from cursing me. Curse me not, O MAHALA! I come to deplore before thee my misery and my guilt:---then I fly far from thee forever. I will hide me in the deserts. Curs'd of GOD, follow'd by his wrath, I fly. Oh curse me not!---curse not thy wretched husband!

Ah CAIN! she reply'd, penetrated with the tendereſt compassion; tho' thou hast kill'd the best of brothers---tho' thou hast heap'd inexpressible miseries

on my wretched head, yet I forget not that thou art ſtill my huſband. I pity ---I weep for thee. CAIN anſwer'd, caſting on her a look of tenderneſs, a look that expreſs'd the bitter anguiſh of his heart; Fatal moment when a dream from Hell deceiv'd me! theſe little ones appear'd before me as ſlaves to the ſons of ABEL. To ſave them from miſery and bondage I kill'd him. ---Curs'd moment! I murder'd the beſt of brothers, and the bloody deed will forever haunt my mind, and fill it with infernal horrors. My puniſhment is eternal. Yet, O MAHALA! I would eſcape thy curſes. Curſe me not, my deareſt wife---Curſe me not in my miſery. This hour I fly---I quit thee forever---I quit ye forever, my beloved children! I fly from ye, curs'd by GOD and man.

The children lamented round him. They rais'd their innocent hands in

agony. MAHALA ſunk on the earth, and reclin'd on her huſband. Receive theſe tears---receive theſe expreſſions of my ſincere forgiveneſs and compaſſion, ſhe ſaid, while ſhe wept over him. Doſt thou fly CAIN?---Doſt thou fly to the deſart regions? How can I dwell here while thou art ſolitary and abandon'd---while thou art miſerable far from me! No, CAIN. I fly with thee. How can I ſuffer thee to be deſtitute of all relief in the deſarts!---What cruel inquietudes would torment me! Every breeze I heard would fill me with terror! Perhaps he is now, I ſhould ſay to myſelf---perhaps he is at this inſtant in the agonies of death, without ſuccour in ſome barren wild. She was ſilent, and CAIN, with a look of aſtoniſhment, cry'd, What do I hear? Is it thou MAHALA? is it thou thyſelf, or does a dream again deceive me? It is, it is my dear, my virtuous wife! Thy words, MAHALA,

---thy conſolating words have ſoften'd my deſpair. Thou doſt not hate me! ---thou doſt not curſe me! It is enough. No, thou courageous, thou affectionate ſpouſe! thou ſhalt never ſhare in the puniſhment due to my horrid crime. ---Thou ſhalt not ſuffer for me the chaſtiſements of Heaven. Remain in this abode ſanctify'd by virtue, where dwelleth the Divine Benediction. I will not render thee miſerable. Forget me, MAHALA--forget thy wretched huſband. Abandon'd by GOD, I ſhall wander without place of reſt; but mayſt thou be happy!---mayſt thou be bleſt! No CAIN, if thou art miſerable, I cannot here be happy, reply'd MAHALA. I fly with thee---with thee I wander--- I will be deſolate with thee---I go with thee to the deſart regions. Our children ſhall go with us. I will there ſhare thy miſery---I will try to aſſuage it---I will mix my tears of compaſſion, with thy tears of penitence.---I will

kneel by thy ſide.---My prayers ſhall aſcend to Heaven with thine---Our children proſtrate round us, ſhall join their voices with ours. GOD will not diſdain the penitent ſinner. I fly with thee, CAIN---Without ceaſing we will pray---without ceaſing we will mourn before GOD, till a ray of his grace illumins thy benighted ſoul, and juſtifies our confidence in his mercy. Hope in GOD, CAIN. He will hear the prayer of the penitent ſinner.

O thou! cry'd CAIN, by what name ſhall I call thee? Thou art to me as a gracious angel! A beam of Divine Conſolation has darted into the obſcurity of my ſoul! O MAHALA! O my wife! now I dare embrace thee. Oh that I could make thee ſenſible of what I feel! but words cannot expreſs my gratitude---cannot expreſs the tender emotions of my heart. At theſe words he preſs'd her to his breaſt; then ſud-

denly quitting her, he embrac'd his children: but ſoon return'd to his wife, and again claſp'd her to his heart.

Now, this tender mother, this heroic wife, ſooth'd her infants, and wip'd away their tears. She took her youngeſt child to her breaſt, another little one held by the hand of his father, while ELIEL and JOSIAH, full of life and gaiety, tripp'd before them. They left their cottage. MAHALA with weeping eyes beheld the dwellings of her parents, and of THIRZA. Be bleſt, be bleſt, ſaid ſhe, O deſolate family whom I abandon! Soon will I return from the place of our habitation, to ſupplicate your bleſſings for me---for my dear, my penitent huſband. I will ſolicit for him a pardon. She now wept as irreſolute, when inſtantly exhalations more balſamic than are breath'd from all the flowers of ſpring, ſurrounded the fugitives, and the voice

of an inviſible angel from over their heads, ſaid, Go, generous wife, I will, in a dream, inform thy tender mother of thine heroic courage. I will tell her, thou art gone with thy penitent huſband to implore mercy for him, from the SOVEREIGN JUDGE.

They now walk'd by the light of the nocturnal ſtar. They loſt ſight of the dwellings, and advanc'd into the deſart regions where had never been imprinted the foot of man.

THE END.

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